

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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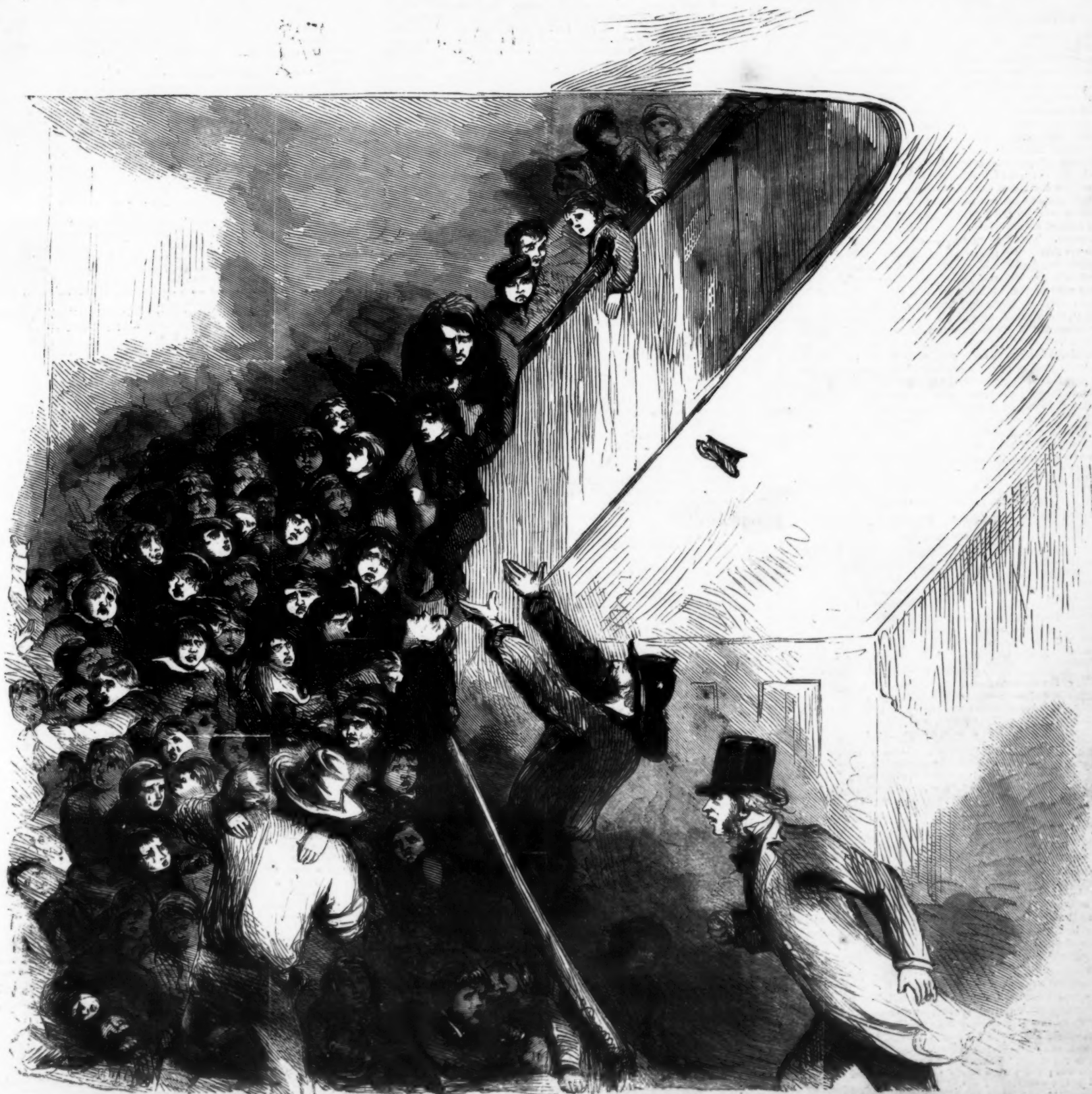
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With Twenty-four Beautiful Illustrations.

SHOCKING CATASTROPHE IN BROOKLYN.

ABOUT two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, January 19, the citizens of Brooklyn were startled by the announcement that the public school building, situated at the corner of Concord and Navy streets, was on fire. No incident could be mentioned more calculated to awaken interest than that such a catastrophe was in course of fulfilment. The idea of hundreds of helpless children



BROOKLYN PUBLIC SCHOOL CATASTROPHE—SCENE AT THE STAIRWAY OPENING ON NAVY STREET, WHERE THE CHILDREN WERE SUFFOCATED TO DEATH.

involved in the possible fate of being burned or crushed to death was even too appalling for contemplation. The building was three storeys high, which formed the three floors occupied as school rooms; there were three doors, with staircases four and a half feet inside conducting to them. The entrance on Navy street was used principally by the boys, the two entrances on Concord street by the girls and the members of the grammar department. It is no more than just to say, that so far as the modes of egress from the different rooms are concerned, they were, all things considered, ample, and but for this, instead of seven lives being lost, we should probably have the painful, nay, soul-harrowing necessity of possibly a hundred or more.

To give a correct idea of the most striking incident of the catastrophe, one of our most efficient artists, accompanied by a gentleman distinguished for his interest in public school education, promptly proceeded to the scene, and by the kind assistance of C. W. Wolcott, principal of the school, we are enabled to produce it vividly upon our illustrated pages. The point given is where the greatest loss of life occurred, which was at the staircase leading down to the Navy street entrance, the one, as we have before remarked, principally used by the boys. The smaller children were here trampled upon and suffocated by the immense crowd of excited ones pressing behind from above. Mr. Wolcott, with admirable presence of mind, stationed himself at the first landing, and strove all in his power to calm the children, and relieve the sufferers from their perilous condition. He handed many over the balustrade who might have otherwise been killed. Above him was the platform, made by the landing of a staircase, and here it was that those who were killed received their fatal injuries. To control the children who were above was impossible, as the smoke from the fire rolled over those in the rear in suffocating clouds. In the excitement, the commands and entreaties of Mr. Wolcott and his assistants were unheeded; each child, in the recklessness of despair, was bent on escape; each one struggled for himself, and seven children, aged from five to ten years lost their lives, not from the threatening flames, but from being suffocated and trampled on by the alarmed scholars.

Finally the building was cleared of its living occupants, the dead and dying were conveyed to the neighboring houses; meantime the flames progressed, and the entire building was destroyed. The neighborhood of the fire being densely populated, nearly every family in the vicinity had a representative in the school; as soon as it was known, therefore, that the edifice was on fire, the parents, distracted and frantic with alarm, came in all directions to learn the result. Many were seen fondly caressing their little ones who had escaped; others again rushed wildly about calling aloud the names of their children, who had rushed homeward to announce their escape—to all these things were added the shrieks and sobs uncontrollable of those heart-stricken parents who saw their beloved offspring dead or dying.

Mr. Wolcott, the principal of the school, gives the following account of the catastrophe: He says that he first knew of the fire at ten minutes past two o'clock, which was announced to him by the unusual noise that proceeded from the primary department. The fire originating near the entrance to the female department at the extremity of the building on Concord street side, the children rushed towards the central or corner part of the building, where the passage way is broader, and got out easily. The small boys in the portion of the building fronting on Navy street were nearest the door, and they rushed out, followed by the larger ones. In their haste to get down the stairs some of them fell and became so tightly wedged between the balustrades and the wall that they could not get away. All that were killed met their death here by suffocation. This was on the lower landing, about ten feet from the lower floor. He got down on the stairs, and bending over the balustrade, reached the boys over to the men below, pulling them up out of the crowd and passing them over. There was no fire in that part of the building at the time, and no children were burned. Misses Matlock, Anable and Voorhies exerted themselves to the utmost, as did all the others, and all the children were taken out in about twenty minutes after the alarm. Some two hundred children were back of him, pushing and crying, "Oh, Mr. Wolcott, won't you save me?" and were so much frightened that, after the space was cleared and a free egress made, they insisted on being handed over the balustrade. The fire must have caught from the flue. The furnace was not overheated, no coal having been put on since morning. The alarm was first given in Miss Rutherford's primary class, who informed the principal, Miss Voorhies, and they were just about dismissing the school so as to avoid excitement, when a little girl cried out "Fire!" and the whole of the scholars immediately rushed to the door. All the girls got out safe. The smoke was not sufficiently dense to suffocate any one, as far as Mr. Wolcott could observe.

TO A SMILE.

By Stanley.

Oh, I could worship thee, beautiful thing!
For the sunshine thou spreadest around thee,
The heart's dreary winter thou turnest to spring;
Often thus a kind friend have I found thee,
Sweet smile, gentle smile!

For how many moments there are when the soul
Needs some little token to cheer it—
Needs something to wean it from earth's mean control;
And there's naught from this bondage can clear it
Like thee, gentle smile!

For the smile that I praise is begotten of Love,
And love changes earth into Heaven;
And be sure there these dwells in us a light from above,
When to all who come near us is given
A smile, a bright smile!

Then hail to the lip which a smile ever wears,
And hail to the heart whence it springeth!
We'll gratefully bless it whenever it appears;
For the pure quiet joy which it bringeth,
That Heaven-born smile!

THE CORNER HOUSE: A TALE OF THE SOUTH.

From the Note-Book of a Physician.

BY STANLEY.

(One's last from our last.)

"WELL, my dear," said my wife, "you must try to sleep now, so as to be bright and well to go to her in the morning. We can only commit them to the kind care of our Heavenly Father and Friend."

The last sound I heard as I was dropping off to sleep was the driving of the sleet against the window-panes. Half dreaming, a feeling of thankfulness that I was sheltered from the storm mingled itself with one of deep compassion for the suffering poor, and for the homeless and homeless wanderer.

How long a time had elapsed I know not, but we were both suddenly aroused by a violent ringing at the door. I was in such a heavy sleep that it was some little time before I could at all collect my thoughts; but when I came to myself, I found my wife sitting up in bed, and endeavoring to awaken me. There was a great confusion in the street. There was the sound of many voices in earnest consultation; there were fearful shrieks, mingled with the startling sound of the watchman's rattle; and the street bell continued to ring vividly. I sprang out of bed, groped my way to the window, and here, raising the sash, looked out to see what was the matter.

"For God's sake, doctor, come over here!" exclaimed several voices at once. My wife had in the meantime struck a light, and was busily dressing herself. I hurried on my clothes, and we were both over at the door of the Corner House in a surprisingly short time. Seeing a light in the parlor, and a crowd of people gazing at something on the sofa, we entered the room, and the crowd opened to admit me, as a physician.

Merciful Heaven! May I never behold such a scene again! Two beautiful children, aged about three and four years, were lying there—one dead, and the other dying. The father sat at the foot of the sofa, gazing at the lovely forms; but he was rigid and pale as a marble statue. A lady, with traces of extreme though faded beauty, knelt near them. She would lean over them, kiss them passionately, give two or three fearful shrieks, and then throw her head back with a hysterical laugh. My poor, beautiful patient was there too; and the faithful Polly, with groans and sobs, and broken ejaculations, was endeavoring to draw her away from the harrowing scene. She was quite delirious, and I could see by the gleam of her eye that she was becoming more and more excited, and would soon become unmanageable. The waiting man, Prince, was nowhere to be seen.

I turned to a group of gentlemen near me, and requested them to wrap up the sick girl, and take her over to my house. My poor wife, who at first had been utterly stunned and bewildered by the scene, finding that there was now some definite thing to be done, immediately began to stir herself. The task of removing the poor girl was accomplished with considerable difficulty.

But how to get the mother away from her children, that was the question. I told the bystanders that she must be taken away, by force if necessary. For nothing could be done, no inquiries made, no examination of the murdered children, while she was going on in that frantic way. She was accordingly removed to the upper story, but it was a dreadful undertaking.

And now that quiet was restored, the next step was to examine the beautiful innocents, to see whether there was anything to be done, and to summon a coroner's inquest. Alas! by this time the children had both gone to be angels in Heaven! And why should I have begun such a sentence by the sorrowful word alas! Ah! because the circumstances of their death were so fearful, so inexplicably mournful.

When the inquest began, it was very difficult to find out anything about the matter. The watchman testified that, on walking his round, he had thought he heard the faint moans and cries of a child; but as he often heard such sounds proceeding from houses which contained sick or fretful children, he had paid no particular attention to them. But as he came towards the house in which we then were, he saw by the faint light of a distant lamp a white object upon the pavement. And as he drew nearer, he saw two white bundles, as he thought, one upon the sidewalk, and one near the middle of the street. He stooped first to pick up the one upon the sidewalk, when to his infinite horror he discovered that it was a child, still warm, but apparently lifeless. As he turned to look at the other it moved, and gave a faint moan. He instantly sprang his rattle for assistance, and just at that moment a female leaned out of the third story window, and with a loud laugh exclaimed, "Ah, you have found the little darlings, have you?" The sound of the rattle brought several other watchmen to his aid, and they conveyed the babes into the house. The mother was running down stairs as they opened the door, and her alternate screaming and laughing had brought all or most of the inmates of the house into the parlor, and a crowd of people from the neighborhood. The father, when he saw his murdered children, sank into a corner of the sofa, and had neither moved nor spoken since. This was the substance of the watchman's testimony.

"Where is Prince, I wonder?" I exclaimed. "He ought to be here; he could perhaps tell something more about it."

One of the gentlemen who had assisted in removing the mother now said, "There is a negro man asleep on the floor in the third story; but he must be drunk, for we could not wake him."

A little negro whom no one had observed—in fact, the same boy who had brought me a message that evening—now started up from a corner, and said, "Dah, Prince drunk for true; I bin buy de whiskey for um dis berry at noon."

I now thought of Polly, and she was sent for. She came instantly, but seemed either afraid or unwilling to answer questions, and looked uneasy at her master. But he took not the slightest notice of anything that was going on.

I began to see a little into the matter, so that I could ask her some leading questions.

"Who has been sitting up with your young mistress, Polly?" said I.

"Me and massa, sir," she answered; "we hasn't left the dear sweet lamb one minute, sir; and we's done everything you ordered, massa."

"Where was Prince, Polly?"

"Prince is bin takin' care up stairs, sir," said she, looking significantly at me, and stealing an uneasy glance at her master, who, however, took not the slightest notice of what was going on. "I'm sorry to say, massa," continued she, "that my ole man ain't ject zactly right ject at this time."

"We know that, Polly," said I. "Do you suppose Prince had anything to do with this dreadful affair?"

"Oh, massa, God forbid!" exclaimed she. "Ef Prince hadn't ha' bin forgett' hisself to-night, it never would ha' happened." And she began to wring her hands and weep.

"Where did your mistress sleep?" I here noticed that her master's attention was somewhat excited.

"Missis bin always—"

"Not another word!" thundered her master.

In vain we expostulated both with Polly and her master. In vain we assured them that the law required a strict investigation of all such cases. Polly trembled from head to foot, but she would not utter another syllable.

"If you do not allow Polly to speak, sir," said I, "you will have to be removed from this room. We must arrive at the truth."

"Let any man touch me at his peril!" he exclaimed; "the secrets of my family shall never be revealed."

As three or four of us approached to remove him from the room, he drew a pistol, and standing up, cocked it deliberately. We paused for a moment, and then rushed suddenly upon him. Polly, with great presence of mind, sprang to her master, and threw up his hand just as he was about to fire; and then, frightened at what she had done, she ran weeping from the room. He was then overpowered, and locked up in another apartment.

We again got hold of Polly, and the examination proceeded more satisfactorily.

I will sum up her evidence as briefly as possible. She said that her master's name was Mr. D—; that he had married, entirely against his father's will, the beautiful Miss F—; that his father objected to the match because insanity was hereditary in the family; and that, at the very time of their marriage, Miss F—'s mother was an inmate of a lunatic asylum. That she (Polly) had been owned by Mr. F—, and she and her mistress had grown up together. That for some years after their marriage all had gone on well; but that, three or four years ago, her mistress began to have turns of melancholy, and that she had gradually grown worse; that for the last year she had been quite insane at times, and often violent. That it was she who had struck her beautiful daughter the blow which caused her illness. That ever since her mistress began to be melancholy her master had been an altered man; that he had been going about from place to place, partly to try a change of air and scene for his wife, and partly to keep people from finding out her condition. That as soon as the family began in any way to excite attention, he would move off to another place. That he had given his negroes strict orders, on pain of severe punishment, never to tell the name of the family, nor to mention any circumstance connected with them. That he never spoke even to them of his wife's insanity, but always said she was unwell and would soon be quite well again. That she had never been left alone for a moment, but that some one of the family was always watching her. That on this night, as she and her master had to watch her young mistress, Prince had been charged with the care of his mistress and the children, but had yielded to his only failing and got drunk. That she supposed her poor mistress, finding herself at perfect liberty to do what she pleased, had thrown the two blessed babies out of the third story window into the frozen street. That she reckoned, after all, it was a merciful thing that they were dead, for it was better to be angels in Heaven than to stay in such a sorrowful world. That she wished all the family, herself included, were as well off as the dead little babies. That, finally, her mistress had

often talked to the children lately about going to be angels in Heaven.

All was now explained to me, and I felt sorry for the suspicions I had entertained about the poor afflicted proud man. As soon as Polly mentioned the name of the family I remembered who they were. I had known the wife and mother when she was a reigning belle, and when I first saw the daughter I was struck by her likeness to some one I had known years ago. The mother was so changed I could not have recognized her, but the daughter was the exact image of what the mother had been at her age.

Polly, having given her statement, seemed haunted by a fear that her master would punish, and perhaps kill her; "for you don't know, massa," said she, "how 'fraid my master was that anybody should find out about missis. It was his meat and his drink to keep that secret."

I promised to screen her from his anger.

When the crowd had retired from the house, and all was again quiet, I sought the room where the unhappy man had been secured. I found him as quiet as a lamb, and he said there was no occasion for any one to be with him, for all was over with him now, and nothing would excite him again. So I dismissed the attendant who had remained with him, and we went together to visit his poor wife.

She was lying calmly on the bed, and Polly was kneeling by her side. Mrs. D— extended her hand to her husband, gazed on him with fond affection, and said, "Congratulate me, my darling! I am the mother of two of Heaven's angels! Oh, how I envy them! how I envy them! But I cannot leave you yet," and she clasped her hands upon her burning forehead. He put his arms around her, buried his head in her bosom, and wept like a child. I was very glad to see him weep.

I persuaded him to go to bed in another room, and promised to send my faithful John to watch beside him. He objected to this arrangement, saying that it would disturb him to have any one with him, and he felt as if he needed sleep. "I must have the oblivion of sleep," said he; "and oh! if it should please God that I should never wake more!"

"Your lot is a hard one to bear, my friend," said I; "but if we trust in God, and do our duty, all will be set right for us one of these days." He looked earnestly at me, but said nothing; and kissing his wife affectionately, and giving Polly's hand a cordial shake, he took up a candle, and we left the room together.

At the chamber door I bade him good night, with an earnest prayer that God would grant him the blessing of sleep, and give him strength to bear his mournful fate like a Christian man. "You must live for your wife and daughter," said I; "they will need your care."

He gave me another of those earnest, melancholy looks, and shook his head. "My care of them," said he, "has been their ruin and mine; I see now what I ought to have done long ago. But I am detaining you, sir."

I told him I was going over home to attend to his daughter, and bade him good night.

The scenes through which I had been passing had excited me so much that I did not attempt to go to bed on my return home. I had forgotten my fatigue, and we spent the rest of the night in nursing our interesting patient. She was desperately ill, but I did not give her up.

Early in the morning I went over to the Corner House. All was silent. I stepped into the parlor, and there, side by side, the two beautiful children were laid out, dressed in their neatest clothing; and four kind neighbors, two ladies and two gentlemen, were keeping watch beside them. I ascended the stairs, and made my way to the bedroom of the unfortunate wife and mother. I knocked softly at the door, and the voice of Polly bade me enter. Mrs. D— was lying in the very spot where I had left her, and almost in the same position; and she fixed upon me a pair of large blue eyes which looked as if they never slept. Polly still kept her post by the bedside, and Prince was seated on the floor in one corner, quite sober, but looking the very picture of despair. I asked Mrs. D— how she had passed the night.

"With the angels in Heaven," she said, smiling; "my little darlings are very happy there! They are waiting for me; but I cannot leave my poor husband yet; he could not do without me. Do you know, Doctor?"—and she sank her voice to a low whisper—"do you know my poor husband is deranged? I would have gone to him to-night, but Polly told me he was trying to sleep; and sleep will do him good, I know. I can do without sleep; but he can't, poor fellow!"

"You had better try to sleep, too, my dear madam," said I, "none of us can do without it. And you must keep perfectly still, and let your husband sleep as long as he can."

"I will," said she, "I will!"

I left her and sought her husband's chamber. The room was quite dark, for the shutters were all closed; and I was glad to see that the poor man appeared to be sleeping quietly. I seated myself by the side of the bed, and as my eyes became more and more accustomed to the darkness of the room I was able to see the sleeper better and better every moment. Something strange about him, either his air of perfect repose and stillness, or the extreme paleness of his countenance, caused me to examine him still more closely. I leaned over him and he did not seem to breathe. I placed my hand upon his forehead, and it was cold as marble! I sprang to a window and threw open the shutter. The storm had passed away, and the bright morning sun shone directly upon the pillow where lay the face upon which I was gazing in unspeakable consternation; for Mr. D. was dead!

On a small table at the head of the bed I saw a phial labelled "Laudanum;" and near it was lying a letter directed to me. It was some moment before I could command my nerves sufficiently to open it; but when I did the contents ran thus:

"DEAR DOCTOR AND FRIEND: When you read these lines, I shall be in another world. For the last five years I have had no other thought than to keep my poor wife's condition a secret from all the world; and now that the news is to fly over the city, I cannot endure it. I see now what I ought to have done long ago, but I cannot do it, and I will get out of everybody's way. You must see to it. I hope you will understand me, for I cannot write it. She made me promise that I would not send her there; but it must be done, I see. I leave the whole matter with you."

"I have made my will. You will find it in the top drawer of the old-fashioned bureau that stands in my wife's chamber. The key is in my pocket. You will find that I leave considerable wealth, and have made you my executor. I made my will, strangely enough, three days ago, before I had ever spoken a word to you; but I knew by your countenance that you were a good and honest man."

"If my sweet daughter recovers I give her to you. Be a father to her. But it will be better for her to die. Never let her know that her poor father had not courage to meet his fate."

"Half-past twelve o'clock. I have taken the fatal draught. You must all forgive me for the pain that I have given you. Ask my servants to forgive me if I have ever treated them unkindly. God forgive, and have mercy on me, for Christ's sake. My brain is on fire! All—!—!"

My tale has been so harrowing that I will hasten to end it. Mrs. D— still lives in the asylum at C—. She occupies a suite of apartments, and is surrounded by every comfort and elegance. She is an accomplished musician, and, in her lucid intervals, charms all within hearing by the brilliancy of her execution on the piano, and the richness of her plaintive voice. Her beautiful child, after hovering for a long time between life and death, finally recovered, and has been to us as a beloved and cherished daughter. She knows nothing of the events of that terrible night, but thinks her little sisters died from disease, and her father of grief. She is a perfect recluse, but enjoys reading, and spends her fortune in doing good. Two years ago, she closed the eyes of my beloved wife, and uttered words of comfort to her departing spirit, and to her bereaved and stricken adopted father. I pray God she may be spared to close my eyes, though this is perhaps a selfish wish.

Polly is the same faithful creature, and is perfectly devoted to her young mistress, as she still calls her. She was offered her freedom, but would not take it—and she showed her wisdom.

Prince drank himself to death in a few years after that dreadful night.

Nobody now occupies the Corner House.

A DYING Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, yes, honor!" said he, "I am! I am! I am going into a strange country, and I don't want to make myself no more!"

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW, OR, JESSIE BROWN.

Part I.

FOUNDED ON AN INCIDENT IN THE SIEGE.

I WAS the colonel's daughter,
Jessie Brown was the corporal's wife,
And we worked like loving sisters,
In the trenches for dear life.
She was a Highland lassie,
While I was English born,
And we had toiled together in Lucknow,
From the midnight to the morn.

Our hearts were very heavy,
For no succors seemed at hand,
While around us glared the sepoys,
Those tigers of the land.
So she sunk into a slumber,
With her head upon my knee,
While I battled with a drowsiness,
Which crept stealthily o'er me.

For against her Highland vigor
I had matched my English pride,
And bone and muscle have never
As yet with honor vied.
But we were resting near to
The sentry's solemn beat,
So I glided into slumber
'Neath the pacing of his feet.

And in my dreams I wandered
To my native land away,
And stood beside my mother,
The Queen of blithesome May.
When a sudden shriek recalled me
To Lucknow's trench again—
'Twas Jessie Brown, who shouted,
In a voice which pierced my brain:

"Dinna ye hear it now, men,
Over the hills awa'?"
'Tis the pibroch of the Highlanders!
Oh! God has saved us a'!"
As tho' an angel's trumpet
Had sounded through the sky,
The soldiers stood all listening,
Till my father made reply.

"You have been dreaming, Jessie,
No help for us is nigh—
The sound you heard, poor lassie,
Was the sepoys' demon cry!
But, by the heavens above us,
Before ye lasses fall
Into those devils' clutches,
This hand shall slay ye all!"

He raised it in the sunlight,
He raised it, white and fair,
And on its snowy whiteness
I saw God's image there.

Part II.

But Jessie stood unconscious,
With her ear against the hill,
While the bearded warriors round her
Were as marble statues still!
Her eyes were fixed and trancelike,
Her lips were half apart,
She seemed to hold her breathing,
And to stop her beating heart.

As I looked on her in stupor,
She raised her hand on high,
And shrieked, in a voice of gladness,
Which rang thro' earth and sky—
"Now, dinna ye hear the pibroch
Over the hills awa'!"
And the slogan of the Campbell,
The grandest of them a'!"

As tho' a bolt had smote her,
She fell before us all,
With such a sudden motion
I could not break her fall!
And as I gently raised her,
To rest her on my knee,
We heard the pibroch playing
Its Highland melody.

And we saw the tartan bounnets
Just rising o'er the hill—
Then our soldiers gave one deafening cheer,
Methinks I hear it still.
And on the noble army,
Through blood, and smoke, and flame,
Within the gates of Lucknow
Like Christ's salvation came.

Deep were the manly greetings
Of the saviors and the saved,
And proudly o'er the ramparts
The flag of Britain waved!
While the gallant warriors plighted
That night in the brimming glass,
The health of Jessie Brown,
The bonnie Highland lass;
And sung, "Hail to the pibroch,
That came o'er the hills awa',
And hail to the Campbell's Slogan,
The grandest of them a'!"

MRS. SQUIZZLE RECOVERS HER PROPERTY—
HAS ANOTHER COMMUNICATION FROM HER
DAUGHTER—SUDDEN ILLNESS, &c.

AFTER receivin that air letter from Sally Mari I was nigh about dun over, jest tu think uv that kontestible comin there and attachin himself tu the things. I went tu bed with a powerful bad hedake, and, when I riz in the mornin, sez I tu Jabez, this ere extin life is a warin me out. I declare I hante got no sperits left.

Why, yes, you have, wife, sez he; and with that he brought along a bottel nigh on tu haf full uv lieker.

Jabez, sez I, your the konsumister blokked in all kreation, I du beleve; I didnt mean sperits tu drink—I ment sperits what raps; but, seein youve brought it, you may as well turn out a glas for me.

After drinkin it, I found myself very much revived, and I made up my mind Id foller Sally Maris advise, and go strate down tu the bank and give em Hale Kolumbly. So, sez I tu Jabez, its no airthly use givin up so—Im a goin strate tu Waul street.

What for? sez he.
Squizzle, sez I, arnt you ashamed uv yourself tu ax that foolish question? You no Im a goin there tu give em a pease uv my mind.

I reckon theyve had that, and a pease uv your tongue into the targin, sez he.

Jabez Squizzle, sez I, you musnt speke tu me in that ere disqualifyin wa about my tongue agen. I wish you had had my hed stuck on your sholders—we shoudlnt a bin left destitute of need in this wa.

Ses Squizzle, sez he, if I had your hed on my sholders, the first thing Id du would be tu take the tongue out.

I never see anything beet the impotence uv that man. I reckond sum uv the objectionists tu wimmins rites had put him up tu ear-me. Bring me my bonit and shawl, and dent you str a peg out uv this house till I git back, sez I.

I reckon he was kinder absent at what hed sed, for he didnt ax nothin more, but he got my things and I started up in a hurry.

When I got down tu the bank I found the dore all locked up and nobody a stirrin. I agreed if there was enybody inside, Id jest let em no I was there, so I banged awa on the dore fur an our or so. Peeple that was passin along the strete stoped and looked, but they didnt sa nothin, and heds was poked out uv the winders tu sea what the row was, but nobody sed nothin. Party soon a winder was razed rite over the bank, and the minit a hed was visible, sez I, beckonin tu em, Cum down here. I want tu sea you; but heds wanished, and winder cum down in a hurry, so I sot down on the steps tu rest. I hadnt sot there long afore the very same feller Id seen in the bank cum runnin up the steps. He didnt sea me till I riz up and kurchied; then he looked skeered and mad, all mixed up together, and sez he,

Whart you duin here?
Ill let you no what Im a duin here, sez I, makin fast tu his cote skirts as he tride tu run past me. Youve got a Squizzle uv the peminin jender tu dele with now. Its no use kickin and squirmin. Ive got a good grip on ye, and, if you tare your brordklothe, dont blame me.

Everybody was lafn around us, and some rude fellers hollered, Stick fast, old gal. I didnt like the latter part of that fraze, and Id a good mind to let em no it, but I soon found out I had enuff tu du tu keep fast tu the feller who throwd himself about in all sorts uv shapes.

At last he gup up, and sez he, Madam, what good du you expect'll kum uv your makin sich a show uv yourself and me?

Its jest what I kalkylated tu du when I kum here, sez I. Other folks has tached my things for debt, and now Ive jest made bold tu put an attachment ontu you that you kant shake oph, untill I shake the money youve got awa from me back into my pocket agin.

Well, sez he, kinder softenin down, Kum inside, and we'll talk the matter over.

No, you dont, sez I; weve talked the matter over inside, and nuthin kum uv it; now we'll talk it over outside.

Jest then there was a kind uv a pompous-lookin feller kum up the steps to the bank, and sez he, What's to pa?

One of your debts is to pa, sez I; but he didnt pa no attention tu me—and the feller I was a holdin, sez he, This beast uv a woman has bin makin a show uv me here fur more than half an our; sez shes got money in the bank, and wont let me oph till she gits it.

I give his cote-skirts an extry twist when he kalled me a beast uv a woman, but I didnt sa nuthin.

Kum in, my good woman, and we'll talk the matter over, sez the big feller. This young man is nuthin but a klark, and is not in the leastwise tu blame. Let him go, and pon my word and oner you shall be satisfied.

I thought he didnt look as though he was uv much account, sez I; so givin him a sudden turn round, I sent him buzzin oph like a top, and follered the big feller into the bank.

I expected to make a day's job uv it when I kum from hum, so I put some donuts in my work-bag fur lunch (I never paternize them comon folks what sell popt-corn and ginger-nuts on the korners in the streets).

So I sot down in the first chere I kum tu, and went tu etin. The man he looked at me a minite, and I offered him a do-nut, but he shook his hed and made beleve he didnt want none. Then he went around fussin with papers a spell; at last he spoke up, and sez he, Present your klaims!

I warnt long in hawlin out the papers and handin em over, and in less than five minits the spechie was kounted out and handed over tu me. I took it with a kind uv grip that made my jints lame, and that's the wa I got the inflammable reumatiz in em.

Youd better go out the back wa, sez he, pinton tu a dore in the back of the room, or the krowd outside may make you some trouble. I reckon the feller spoke one word fur me and too fur himself, but I didnt keere. It dont make the leastest bit of difference to me how I go out, sez I; but jest you bear this in mind—Never try to bewindle a woman agin.

He looked orfuly put out when I sed that, but I didnt keere. I kurchied tu let him no I hadnt forgot my manners if he had, and left the konsarn, I hope for ever.

When I got hum I found a hull hepe uv little bits uv smoky lookin pasteboard kards with names on em, sum rit and sum printed.

What dus this mene? sez I tu Jabez.

Dont no, sez he. Theres bin a hull grist uv wimmin here sinse I had "Squizzle" put on the dore, and they axed a power uv questions about your helth.

Its very plain tu me that Im a kumia into popplearity, sez I tu Jabez.

No doubt, sez he; I guess everybodys herde uv you. Jest then the dore bell rung, and I looked out uv the winder, but seen nobody but a big nigger there, I told Jabez tu go tu the dore while I took kare uv the spechie.

Jabez actually started back when he see the bag uv money.

What are you goin tu du with it, sez he, as I unlocked my chist.

I reckon I shant put it into a bank jest yet, sez I; there was a kind uv a meetin in my look as I sed it, and Jabez understood it, I guess, fur he took himself oph tu see what the nigger at the dore wanted.

Party soon he kum back with a dreful purty little note which the black feller gin him. It was an invitation from Mr. and Mrs. Muggins tu a swearer at Muggins Hall. Good gracious! sez I, when Id dun redin it, what a profane please that must be.

I reckon its gittin fashionable tu swear, sez Jabez; sinse the hard times has kum on I notis most everybodys took tu it.

Do you no where Mugginses Hall is? sez I.

I dont no nothin about it, sez he.

Jest then a lucky thought struck me, so sez I you put out and overtake the black feller, and ax him where Mugginses Hall is; and what the duins is there.

Bein a church member uv reglar standin fur forty odd yeres, its no moren proper I should make some inquiry about it afore I deide about goin.

Jabez want gone many minits when he kum back. He sed I neednt be the leastest grain afeard tu go, as the party was the selektest kind, and most uv the guests belonged tu the literarity, fur the black feller told him so.

I left Jabez a brushin up his last yeres pants, and went out and got me a party dress, jest about the beautifulest thing I ever laid my eyes on, and as the klark sed, a very tasty and genteel patron uv an ashes uv lily shade.

I looked around some time afore I found firs tu suit me.

I finally settled on a set uv Siberian kaskin (them bein, as the klark sed, all the rage), and hurried hum tu fix.

Jabez had jest got a letter from Sally Mari. So I sot down tu rede while the dressmaker was a fittin me.

I id so powerful whe I kame tu the furst line uv the seckond stansis that I busted every pin out uv the waist I was tryin on, and Jabez was obliged tu take and rede it alowd.

Strange things hev takin place up here
In Konkopot, my mother deer.
Kum quick, or it will be fu late
Tu save our deer Brother Blab from a terrible fate

Hes had Jimmy Jonsing there
Above a month a takin kare
Uv things, and keepin house in trim;
And they du sa tmit is the wa shes inviggled him

Now, you du no as well as I,
Shes pulled the wool over his eye,
And that she has his week pints found
At last, or Brother Blab she never would hev kum around.

O, tis an orful thought, to think
How at her faults hell hev tu wink
When the konsumate not is tide,
And that orful old skere-krow, Jimmy, becomes his bride.

The old adage will arner yet,
Two bigger foolers hev never met.
And when the two git tide together
I wonder if theyll go to old Jonsings to live, or whether

Theyll stay stuck up in that old shell
Uv Brother Blab's? I wouldnt dwell
In sich a hut fur all kreation;
No! no not if Brother Blab was President uv this ere Yankee nation.

What du you think uv that? sez Jabez when hed dun redin.
Ses I, Jabez, I never did hev no kind uv an opinion uv Brother Blab, and you no it. Im sorry fur Jimmy. She ma du all she can to place him; tell he to be as airthly as he kin, and how I no how his fust

wife had n git along. Poor sole! never tuk a minits kumfort after the married that air smooth-faced old hipokrit. If I was only up there Id jst put a fle or two in Jimmy's care. I no a little more about the private life uv that old bag uv deaset than some folks. I wonder what on airth Konkopot folks 'll sa tu sich a match? I wouldnt wonder if Blab should git turned out uv the church yet. I guess if I should tell all I no about him hed git histed.

That nite I had the combustion uv the brain, and for a hull week I lay in a torpedo state.

In the mene ime Jabez and Sally Mari—for they had gone and sent fur her unbeknowin to me—was bo h uv em in a state uv mind borderin on subtraction, and the dockter himself sed if Id a dide they'd both uv em follered klose tu my heels—and I dont doubt it.

The Muggins they all felt orfuly about my sickness, fur it kum mity ni brakin up their swearer; seein how things was they postponed it two weeks on my account, and kum around and kawled every da.

Old Muggins himself was in here this mornin, and he sed nobody could tell how he suffered all the time I was aillin.

He's the right kind uv a man—spekes his feelins out and dont go sneakin around like that infern Blab. Them two men is no more alike than I and Jimmy Jonsing.

The Mugginses was all uv em half tickled tu deth tu git acquainted with Sally Mari, and they hante kalled her nothin else but 'thallanny ever sinse they've found out she's a poits; and young Muggins kalls her one uv the sines, tho I kant make out what upon earth he menes by it.

They all deklare she shall kum to the swearer in a short dress like a sheperdis, karry a krook in her hand, and wear laurel on her hed. Fur my part I object tu the short dress on account uv her hoops, fur uv kourse Sally Mari wouldnt think uv going without em, and how would a short dress look worn over hoops, Id like to no?

Sally Mari thinks they wouldnt look bad with pantylets. She cers was ruther romantick in her notions, and bein she has the Mugginses all on her side, and konsiderin they've invited her to disclaim a select pease uv potry rit fur the okasion, I dont no but I shall konsent tu the arrangement. Sally Mari has a strikin figger.

Squizzle has got sum mity hi notions into his hed for a broken down bankrupter—thinks he ortu hev a hull new suit uv clothes tu wear tu the swearer, and he's jest bin in and had the impotence tu tell me so tu my face. I've reckoned up and find a suit uv clothes, sich as he wants, 'll kost nigh on tu haf as much as my Siberia kaskin firs. I shall jest tell him he kant hev em. If he thinks eny uv that spechie's a goin on tu his back he's orfuly mistook himself. He's got a hull weak yet tu brush his old clothes in, and if he kant make em du it arnt my fault. At the s earce he kan keep himself back out uv site, except when he waits on me and Sally Mari into the room. If he keeps a little in the rear, as I've told him, and keeps his mouth shet, nobody'll notis him.

WAKING UP THE WRONO PASSENGER.

A FEW days ago a person entered a store, not a hundred miles from the old State House, Boston, and inquired eagerly for the proprietor. "There he is," said a salesman, pointing to a shrewd but quiet looking individual who was warming himself over the stove. "You are Mr. Jones," (we will call him Jones), said the visitor. "Yes, sir." "I learn that you suspended last week," rejoined the anxious inquirer. "Indeed," said the proprietor. "Yes; and I must inform you that I am come from the Mercantile Agency of So and So, to inquire about your assets and liabilities."

"You don't say so," returned the proprietor, with a little opening of his eyes and a slight twitching of his mouth, but otherwise with an unchanged countenance.

"Yes, I have," rejoined the visitor. "We are obliged to be very particular in our inquiries, and I was sent expressly to ascertain the exact condition of your affairs. How much are your liabilities?"

"Well," replied Mr. Jones, stroking his upper lip in the deepest thought, as though engaged in guessing a conundrum, "well, take them altogether, as I havn't paid my January bills, I should say that my total liabilities—might—possibly—be—five—hundred dollars."

"Five hundred—five hundred," muttered the astonished visitor, taking out his paper and pencil, and surveying the store filled with valuable goods.

"Now, I say, Mr. Jones, is that not setting it rather low?"

"By no means," said Jones, "it is very high; I don't think I owe above three hundred; but I thought Id call it five, to make it seem more respectable."

"Oh, and what, in goodness name, may be your assets?"

"Well, without meddling with my real estate, or this stock of goods, I should say my ready means were about four thousand dollars!"

The anxious inquirer's eyes stuck out considerably, and his briskness of manner forsook him, as he murmured, "Then you haven't suspended?"

"No!"

The clerks could stand it no longer, and the very walls shook with their merriment. Apologies were made and received, but they were of no use. The visitor couldn't keep up, and when last seen he was standing down Washington street under a press of sail, but not seeming to care what sort of a coat he had on.

Why Tuscaloosa Always Voted Against Gen. Jackson.

Old Hickory crossed the Warrior river at the close of a campaign, at Carthage, in Tuscaloosa county. There he halted and rested for the recruit and refreshment of the sick and wounded for a few days. The citizens of Tuscaloosa, then a small village, got up a public dinner to the general. A deputation of militia officers, armed card-pie, went to Carthage to extend the invitation to Jackson. They found him busy, on foot, near the main road; dismounted, and with well set phrase, their spokesman invited him to the dinner.

"For how many have you made provision?" asked Jackson.

"For all my men?"

"No; only for yourself and officers."

"Then," replied the old hero, "I nor officer of mine will eat a dinner not provided for all my boys!" Then turning on his heel abruptly he left them.

The poor militiamen were sadly discomfited and mortified at the rebuff. But worse was in store for them. A quarter-master, or his assistant, had laid his hands upon every horse of the delegation and claimed them for public service. Furious, they appealed to the general. He declined interfering; could make no distinction. Other men's horses were taken, why not theirs?—was surprised at their want of patriotism, not willing to give up their horses for the transportation of the sick and wounded soldiers! The case was hopeless—the weather warm—the military trappings, coat, sword, boots, &c., all unsuited for a long march in the hot and dusty weather. No conveyance, however, could be had. The generals, colonels, majors and captains of the Tuscaloosa militia walked to Tuscaloosa.

"And that's the reason," naively added my informant, "why Tuscaloosa always voted against the old general."

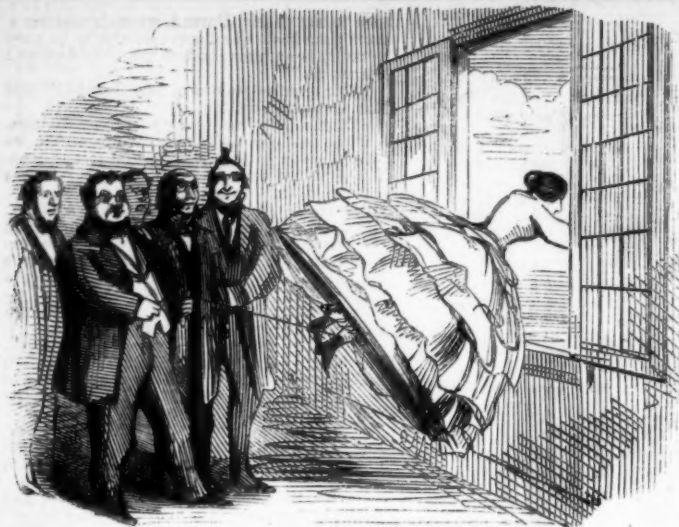
The Folly of Nations—What It Costs.

An eminent French statistician states that the land and naval force of the European armies number 2,800,000 sound, picked men, in the prime of their productive strength; the annual outlay required to keep up these armies and the material of war is over \$400,000,000, not including the value of land or buildings occupied by fortifications, arsenals, hospitals, foundries, schools, &c., moderately estimated at \$3,800,000,000, on which, at four per cent. interest, the yearly expense is more than \$150,000,000. To this add the value of the labor which these men would productively perform, which amounts to more than \$150,000,000, and we have an annual war expense, paid by European producers, of nearly \$800,000,000.

A Rat Adventure.

The New Bedford Standard says: "Sometime since a lady in this city, while dressing for church, thought that she felt something moving between her dress and skirt, but after shaking them paid no more attention to the circumstance, until seated in her pew at church, when out fell a rat upon the floor, much to the consternation of several other ladies in the pew. It commenced running from one end of the pew to the other, and at last was lost sight of—they presuming it had escaped into the aisle. The first-named lady, upon arriving home, was in the act of changing her dress for another, when, upon shaking it, out fell the rat, having made the trip to church and back in safety."

A Not in the Latin school gave the passage, "Pompeii's flames
From Ocean's palm at intervals," the following rendering: "Pompeii's flames
By night, clear by the daylight and in the day time!"



A SPECIFIC FOR CRINOLIMANIA.

CASES FROM A MILLINERMANIA INFIRMARY.

DEAR SIR,—I have been recently made painfully aware that no really valuable institution comes under cognizance of the general public except through the medium of the press. It was by the merest accident that I discovered last night the existence of an organization which I undertake to say, and as Mr. Blake says in the play, "I say it boldly," will, when duly perfected and properly advertised, become the greatest blessing to the public since the closing of the Crystal Palace or the painting of St. Paul's Church.

I came quite accidentally last evening upon my friend Doctor Venesecton, and surprised him in an agony of oratorical excitement entirely unaccountable. The commonest curiosity would have investigated the cause of it, and I had no hesitation in asking him at once what he was trying to do with himself.

"My friend," said the doctor, "I am Dean of the Faculty of the Millinermania Infirmary, an institution organized in the spring of 1866, under the patronage of several eminent physicians. We have just completed our first six months under the most flattering auspices. I have prepared our first semi-annual report to submit to the Faculty to-morrow evening, and was in the paroxysms of rehearsal when you dropped in. We have already had a hundred and fifty aggravated cases; eighty-nine subjects have been discharged cured, and nearly all the rest are under a course of treatment which will insure their discharge from the Infirmary before I have the pleasure of submitting my next semi-annual report. Only three cases have defied the skill of the Faculty, and those were chronic, with peculiar symptoms, for which remedies have not yet been discovered. I have incorporated some of the most interesting cases in my report, which, if you have leisure, I will read to you. The first is,



COLLAR ON THE BRAIN.

"Emma Isabella D—, aged nineteen. The diagnosis of this case was peculiar. The patient was attacked one morning while looking in at Brodie's window. She was brought home in a Broadway stage with a sea-green watered silk, and a strong inclination to Valenciennes collars and undersleeves. No attempt was made to check the progress of the disease, and it finally developed into incessant attacks of rich *moiré antiques* with flounces, and velvet and satin bonnets with plumes of green and black feathers. In this condition she was brought to the Infirmary. Doctor Stop-pum attended her. She was treated at first with her last milliner's and dressmaker's bill, once immediately after dinner and twice before going to bed. The only result of this treatment was nausea, and constant morbid allusions to the gentleman, her father, against whom the bill was made out. External remedies were then applied. The patient was treated with a calico basque and white cotton undersleeves at dinner, and the same with a head-dress of natural holly in the evening. This treatment only aggravated the disease, and was soon abandoned. It became evident that the malady was incorporated into the system, and that only the most powerful remedies would eradicate it. The announcement of her father's insolvency, and the information that her waiting maid had married St. Clair De Booby, and was sporting the patient's entire wardrobe on the avenue every Sunday afternoon, were then administered sixteen times a day for three weeks, when the patient was discharged cured.

"The next case is that of Ida Florence De X—, aged twenty-one. This was an aggravated case of crinolimania. The patient, when brought to the Infirmary, was afflicted with three yards and a half in diameter, and four flounces, each trimmed with thirteen rows of blue terry velvet, alternating with broad blue satin bands. She was placed under the charge of Doctor L. S. N. Diameter. In addition to the symptoms already mentioned she was also subject to Bachelor's Hair Dye and Phalon's Paphian Lotion. There were also indications of French corsets. Her case presented so many complicated features that Doctor L. S. N. Diameter held a consultation with the Faculty, when the following mode of treatment was determined upon: The patient was placed in a white canvas skirt, fourteen yards in circumference. It was fitted air-tight at the waist, and by puckering strings pulled close, and air-tight around the ankles. The patient was then tied by a cord around the left ankle to the floor. A small hose was then attached to the city gas pipes, and the gas infused into the skirt through an aperture left for that purpose. When the inflation was complete the cord was unfastened and the patient ascended to the ceiling. A window was opened, and the patient with some difficulty urged through it into the open air. She ascended gracefully for five thousand feet, only prevented from being lost in illimitable space by the cord attached to her ankle, which was held by Doctor L. S. N. Diameter. The Doctor varied the treatment by pulling in two or three thousand feet of the cord and then letting it out suddenly again, so that the patient was deceived into the belief that she was lost, until suddenly brought up by the cord running its length. The patient was treated with five thousand feet of cord the first day, with ten thousand the second, and in that ratio for each successive day while the remedy was applied. On the tenth day she saw an eclipse of the planet Saturn without the aid of a glass; and on the eleventh day she took up a glass and saw the streets of a large city in the moon. On the fourteenth day she was discharged cured.

"The next case is that of De Montfort Templeton P—, aged eighteen. This case did not come exactly within the province of the Infirmary, but it possessed so many extraordinary and interesting peculiarities that the Faculty thought that the advancement of science required its admission. The patient had been suffering from collars on the brain, and a rush of patent-leather to the head, for more than a year and a half. His stomach was large, his brains and feet small, pulse active, purse diminutive, with a strong determination of paste-studs to the shirt-bosom and Macassar oil to the hair. The case was treated by Dr. T. Starch Outavem. The patient was

placed in a red flannel shirt and parti-colored pants, and put under an exhausted receiver. When a partial vacuum was produced, he was removed, and plunged into a cold bath. This remedy was applied at intervals of half an hour for three successive days, when the patient began to revive. The unpleasant stiffness was removed from his back, and there were indications of a rush of brains to the head. On the third day he was placed on an insulating stool, and filled with electricity, till each hair on his head and in his moustache stood out in a different direction. A looking-glass was placed before him, and this treatment was kept up for five consecutive hours without intermission. On the sixth day his pulse had subsided, and the pressure was removed from his head. On the seventh day he was sent from the Infirmary with three shillings and a pair of nankeen trousers. Discharged cured.

"The next case is that of Emily Florinide Van—, aged forty-six. This was one of the most incorrigible cases which have come under the eye of the Faculty, and its pathology is one of the most remarkable on record. The patient had the ordinary symptoms of basque and skirt-mania, with broad watered-ribbon trimmings, puffed and frilled sleeves, ornamented with bands of velvet and chenille fringe, &c., &c. She had also an unusual quantity of nervous blood in her cheeks, and symptoms of secondary eyebrows. The teeth were white and perfect, and separated half an inch from the jaw, at intervals of about two minutes. The hair was smooth, perfectly black, and fastened to the head by a series of complicated springs, which for a long time defied the ingenuity of the faculty. There was no pulse, and scarcely any arm.

"She was placed under the care of Doctor A. Fortis. As this was a chronic case, the most powerful remedies were at once applied. The hair and teeth were removed, and a vapor bath administered every day. The diameter of the skirts was reduced over a yard, the eyebrows effaced, and three table spoons full of gruel administered from a rouge-pot twice every half hour during the day. The cheeks and head were bathed in cologne-water, and then ornamented by an artist with various fanciful designs. A long statement reflecting upon the patient personally, and alluding to the disease for which she was being treated, was printed in the *Herald* by her dentist and wig-maker, and shown to her. On the twenty-fifth day, though this treatment had been actively kept up, the patient showed no signs of convalescence. On the twenty-seventh day the aerial remedy was applied, and persevered in until the forty-eighth day, when the Faculty were served with an injunction by the Manhattan Gas Company. On the fiftieth day the patient was discharged, her disease being chronic and incurable.

As I had a call to make up town, I was compelled to leave my friend the doctor, as he was proceeding to the fifth case, which had been treated by himself. I trust, however, that I have alluded to enough of them to call the attention of the public to this new institution, and to convince them of its entire practicability and utility.

TERESA CHAPMAN;

OR,

PRIDE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

CHAPTER I.—THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

It was a beautiful day in June. Brightly shone the sun into a small room on the second story of a plain but respectable house. The windows of this room, which was indeed a very pretty bedchamber, were shadowed by creeping plants and ornamented with blossoming mignonette in boxes. Everything indicated mediocrity of circumstances, and calm contented happiness. Yet a young girl, who was sitting by one of these windows, seemed more busied with anxious musings than with the gown to the hem of which she was sewing a small border of tulle. Her needle had stopped suddenly half-way through the folds of her work as if she had made up her mind about something important; and she as suddenly arose from her chair, hastened to the door, and locked it; then seating herself before a small mahogany table, began writing a letter. Scarcely had she written the first line when her pen fell from her hand, and rising from the table, she drew from the bosom of her dress a small lock of hair which she had carefully folded in paper, and pressed it to her lips.

"Poor Charles!" exclaimed the young girl. "Poor cousin Charles! How dearly he loves me! And I love him, too. But then there is no common sense in my love! I cannot help thinking, that if I marry him, I shall only be the wife of a mere merchant's clerk, without the slightest hope of an establishment of my own, ever so humble, for he has no money, and I am sure I have not any."

Having ended this brief soliloquy, Teresa Chapman wrote two more lines to her letter.

"Oh! how I love Teresa!" uttered distinctly a beautiful green parrot perched in a cage by the window.

The girl looked up at the bird; but her glance again fell on her little bedstead of walnut wood, from the canopy of which fell curtains of simple white muslin, upon her small chest of drawers, and upon the four rush chairs which composed the whole furniture of her room; and without any more hesitation or any further interruption, she finished the letter and placed it in the bosom of her dress with the small cherished lock of hair. After that she unlocked the door.

She had scarcely taken this precaution when the door was opened by a gentle hand. A lady entered. She had a sweet, charming face. It was Teresa's mother. The step of the lady was light, though she was corpulent. Smiles played round her lips. She bore in her hand with a childlike joy a basket of fine strawberries.

"Look here, Teresa dear," she said, "what fine strawberries these are! I thought that you had finished your work and would have come and helped me to pick them. They are the choicest I could gather; for you know, my dear, this is a great day with us, and I wish to give a dinner, excellent in all respects, to our kind friend, Mr. Durand, and our dear Charles—Charles who loves you so tenderly, and who will make you so happy!"

Teresa Chapman, who had been stooping to pick up her needle,

which had fallen at her feet, here raised her head again, and her face was crimsoned with blushes.

"Oh, how I love Teresa!" again said the parrot.

"Oh, as for you," said the girl, turning to the parrot, "your master has not taught you too many lessons in speaking. You are always repeating the same thing. But for your pains, Poll, here is a fine strawberry."

"Promise me, my dear," continued Mrs. Chapman, "that if you ever part from me you will leave me that parrot. It will be always reminding me of you by so often repeating your name."

"It is not my intention, mother, ever to leave you," said Teresa.

"I know it is not," replied Mrs. Chapman; "still you may not be always mistress of yourself. Mr. Durand may some of these days leave you his fortune. He has an income of at least a thousand a year. He is a widower, has no children, and has reached, I think, the age of fifty-five. You can then wait for a few years, without at present refusing yourself the pleasures necessary to youth, and then hope for better days."

"There is no certainty those better days will ever come," observed Teresa, sadly. "Mr. Durand has never spoken to me about this, and Charles does not even think of money. He is always laughing and singing, talks to me only about love, and never about money matters."

"So much the better, Teresa," replied her mother. "A man who talks about money at twenty is a miser at forty. All that Charles thinks of at present is his affection for you, and your love for him. He has no vices—I will even say no faults—except what you have accused him of—jealousy. I have hitherto loved him as my nephew, but now I am as fond of him as if he were my own son. How he passes his nights in learning to draw, and play on the flute, and all to please you! But what is the matter with you, my dear Teresa?" she added. "Your eyes have not that serene expression I like so much to see in them, nor have you smiled for some days past. Do not think you can deceive me. The face of a child is a mirror, in which a mother always looks to see her thoughts."

Teresa suppressed a sigh. Mrs. Chapman took her daughter by the hand, felt her forehead, and said to her, with touching tenderness, "Is there anything you are concealing from me, Teresa? Do you feel any pain, or have you any wish that you have not told me of?"

"No, mother, no," replied the young girl; "but I should like so much to see you happy—to see you get out of this obscurity, for which you were never made. My marriage with Charles, far from producing this result, will add to your cares. What privations are you now imposing upon yourself for the expenses of my wedding!—and yet it will be but a very humble affair, after all."

"Teresa," said Mrs. Chapman, gravely, "let us talk sensibly. Two years ago you and Charles, like two good children, came and said to me, 'Let us live together and work together; and life, which people often complain of when they are not rich, will be happy to us, because we will not leave each other.' What you asked of me I wished, and gladly granted your request. As years rolled on, the love of both of you seemed to increase. Yet, Teresa, I perceived that the affection of Charles was more genuine than yours. You soon began to regret being deprived of pleasures that can only be obtained with a great deal of money. Our quiet mode of life, our humble ways, called up the blush to your cheek. In fact, to be plain with you, I saw that our obscure condition wounded your pride, and I said so to Charles."

"To Charles, mother!" inquired Teresa, with an astonished air.

"To Charles, my daughter," replied Mrs. Chapman; "for if you are my child, he has become my son by adoption. I was very young when he was left an orphan; and I solemnly promised his father on his deathbed that I would take care of him."

"Are you so very sure, mother," said Teresa, with some bitterness, "that you know all my faults?"

"Too well, my child," replied her mother, despondingly. "Alas the faults I find in you I was myself guilty of for ten years with your father. Yes, for ten years I was the victim of an unhappy ambition, which hastened him to the tomb and caused our ruin. Yet I never complained, as I had met with the greatest happiness a woman can know—love with marriage. But do not let us speak of the past. Let us talk of the future. It lies in your power to be happy if you will. Yet at present you are uneasy, dreamy, moody. At present, when we are making the final arrangements for your marriage, you are always falling into fits of reflection, as if you dreaded the life upon which you are about to enter. Teresa, listen to me. There is yet time. Do not hesitate to break off with Charles, if you feel that you have not the courage, if you think that you have not the virtue to bear with him bad as well as good fortune. Believe me, it is better to kill with one violent blow than slowly to torture to death with little pangs. He may be able to console himself now that he is twenty; but, by-and-by, when to the cares of a family he must unite the pain of bearing reproaches, he would die of grief, or he would take some violent step, for though he loves you passionately, he has energy and honor."

"You are too hard upon me, mother," stammered Teresa, as she burst into tears. "I do not feel I have the courage to tell Charles I no longer love him, because I still love him, and I should die of grief were he to form an attachment for another and forget me. Still I would wait and see if—"

"Wait! Teresa!" exclaimed her mother. "Would it not have been more reasonable to have said this before there had been any talk about your marriage, and before we had apprised the few remaining members of our family of it?"

"Oh, mother," said Teresa, "the members of our family cannot be very much pleased at this marriage, especially my aunt Dallas."

"And will you tell me, my child," said Mrs. Chapman, "what that can signify to us? I see your aunt Dallas about six times a year. She never invites me to her house, and were it not for the fear of offending her I should refuse the paltry New Year's gifts and Christmas boxes she presents you with. Will she give you a dowry? Besides, will you ever find a more loving and a more amiable husband than Charles?"

"No, mother; but then," and Teresa pouted her lips, "he is only a merchant's clerk."

"What has that to do with it, my dear? Do you love Charles, or do you not?" said Mrs. Chapman.

"I love him, mother," replied Teresa; "yes, I love him most dearly. But when I think of myself in comparison with other women who are set off with dresses and jewels—"

"Ah! that's what it is, Teresa," interrupted her mother. "So it is not without good grounds I entertain fears of you when I see you sighing with admiration of luxurious carriages."

"Oh! I have no such ideas, mother, I assure you. I should only like to have neat, nice new dresses to walk about in with Charles. Nor do I like to think of him sitting from morning till night on a stool, hanging over a desk, while with such a personal appearance as he has—"

"Ma'am," said Anne, the servant, opening the door, "would you be kind enough to give



DISCHARGED CURED.



THE CHRONIC CASE.

me the cloth to lay the table? Miss Teresa can then come and give the table that neat finish she so likes to see."

Teresa made no reply; nay, she did not hear the observation. Mrs. Chapman handed Anne the strawberries, and told her she would come immediately. Then approaching her daughter she kissed her tenderly on her cheek and told her to go and dress herself, in order that she might be ready by the time their guests arrived. Then she observed gravely and thoughtfully, "Teresa, I do not wish to plague you, nor to force my opinion upon you. A good mother never says, 'I wish such and such a thing to be done,' she only gives her advice. But whatever step you take, all I ask of you, my dear, is to act in a frank and straightforward manner."

"Well then, mother, if I have your permission," said Teresa, with slight hesitation, "I would ask my cousin to wait for a few months. Perhaps then we shall be in a better position, and—"

"I am sure Charles will be very unhappy at this request," said Mrs. Chapman. "What is more, I fear that it will wound his feelings so excessively that he will even prefer breaking off the match at once. But try, my dear, try; you will see."

"Oh! he loves me so dearly!" exclaimed Teresa, with pride.

"My daughter, the more we love, the more we exact from the love we inspire," said Mrs. Chapman. "However, I will raise no further objections; and you will not be the first, even as you will not be the last woman who has played lightly with the heart and happiness of a man."

Without saying a word more, Mrs. Chapman left her daughter's chamber and set about busying herself with her household duties; but she did not bring to them that gaiety with which she had begun them in the morning, and even the servant perceived that her mistress, whom she had known from her earliest youth, appeared thoughtful and gloomy, nay almost grieving and vexed.

CHAPTER II.—THE DECISION.

WHEN Charles Eden arrived at the house of his aunt, there was a smile on his lip, and a bright glance in his eye, and his heart was full of those sanguine hopes which render youth so amiable and communicative. While accepting a beautiful nosegay of flowers which he presented to her, and which he had bought expressly for her at Covent Garden, Mrs. Chapman turned away her eyes, and addressed an observation to Mr. Durand, who had arrived at the same moment, in order to avoid answering Charles, who for the second time had asked for Teresa.

"Oh, I suppose my cousin is dressing," he observed. "Well, before she is ready, dear aunt—good mother," he continued, addressing Mrs. Chapman, "let us talk of business, for I do not like talking to my cousin about anything else but my affection for her. You are my guardian, and Mr. Durand has been kind enough to take on himself the unprofitable duties, very trifling, to be sure, of my money affairs; and I do not think he has ever touched a farthing of mine that I had not first earned."

"As to advice and remonstrances, he has not been sparing of those," said Mrs. Chapman, smiling. "But what is it you want to speak about?"

"To ask if it would not be necessary to have a marriage agreement drawn up!" exclaimed Mr. Durand; "an additional folly to that of marrying at twenty, without having any fortune, or even a house in which to settle his wife!"

"Until now," observed Charles, with some bitterness, "you have never expressed yourself in this strain, sir; and, considering that everything has been settled for some time past—"

"Oh," said Mr. Durand, "I never look upon a marriage as a settled thing until the couple have been to church and have had their hands joined by the parson. You may yet change your mind, you are so very young."

"Are we ever too young to love and to work, sir?" inquired Charles. "Still," he continued, after a slight pause, "I do not exactly like what has been going on for the last few days. Teresa seems embarrassed whenever I ask her if she loves me. Her eyes answer 'yes,' but her lips are silent. Yesterday, she was the first to draw my attention to the lateness of the hour. 'You have very little time to get to the office,' she said; and she pretended that all the clocks were slow, when I told her I was thinking of going. And you, too, Mr. Durand, have not been so kind to me lately. This very morning I took great pains in balancing the books; and yet you pretended I had omitted something."

"There, there, Charles, you are always filling your brains with foolish crochets," said Mr. Durand. "I am the same to you, I think, as I have ever been."

"You are right to say I think," replied Charles; "as for myself, I am certain of the contrary. I have known you, sir, from my childhood, and I cannot be mistaken about it. There is something on your mind." Then turning to Mrs. Chapman, he said, "Only you, aunt, are as kind as ever, and love me without caprice, without—"

Here he paused, while a tear glistened through his lashes. "What a child you are to be so affected!" observed Mrs. Chapman, at the same time suppressing her own emotion. "Are you not man enough to suffer patiently?"

"Ask of me my life!" exclaimed Charles, "and I would give it for you, for Teresa, for Mr. Durand."

"We are not talking about your life," said Mrs. Chapman; "that is a sacrifice we rarely called upon to make. What I consider courage is to suffer without violence and without reproach the disappointments of hope, and never to murmur at the deceptions with which the path of life is strewn."

"And I have that courage," replied Charles. "In spite of the childish tear you have just now seen, I have energy of character; and, what is more, I can suffer and be silent. I can hate, too, and shun the person who would wound my feelings."

Mr. Durand trembled on his chair. He rose and looked at the pictures which he had examined a hundred times before, and seemed no longer listening to the conversation.

"What is all this about? Do you know of anything, aunt?" resumed Charles. "If you still love me, and if Teresa—"

Just then the door opened and Teresa entered, with all the bloom and freshness of "sweet seventeen," and beautiful from a dress which seemed invented—so to speak—for her kind of figure. Her mother herself had never seen her set off to such advantage. It required, however, but one glance to perceive that the form of her gown was entirely changed. Teresa Chapman wore no longer a habit-shirt united to her gown, ornamented merely with lace and rising up to her throat. Her corset was open, and exposed to view her neck and shoulders of surpassing whiteness. It was easy enough to see that Teresa, usually so modest, had sacrificed something of her angelic simplicity for the desire of appearing to greater advantage. Even her head-dress had undergone a complete metamorphosis. It was no longer that of a young girl who has only carefully attended to it; ringlets played lightly over her brow so marble white and so sweetly pure, where were distinctly defined eyebrows slightly marked; but the arch of which being somewhat elevated, imparted a certain air of haughtiness to the regular oval, the perfect finish and the unexceptionable beauty of her face.

Charles Eden hastened to offer a nosegay to his cousin, who took it coldly and laid it on the table.

"Beautiful! and every day more and more beautiful!" said Mr. Durand, with an awkward bow. "That was what the Earl of Middleham again observed to me yesterday; he is one of my best customers, and as great a connoisseur in ladies as in wine. He assures me that he has a head of Minerva which resembles Miss Chapman in every feature. I therefore asked him if he would dispose of it to me."

"To give it to Charles?" inquired Mrs. Chapman, smiling.



CHARLES EDEN OFFERING A BOUQUET TO TERESA CHAPMAN.

Mr. Durand made no reply, and, walking up to the clock, observed that it was half-past five.

"That reminds me that I am keeping you waiting for your dinner," replied Mrs. Chapman; and she left the room.

"You have a very bad instrument here," said Mr. Durand, addressing himself to Teresa, as he opened her piano. "They make admirable pianos now-a-days, but they are very dear. Shall I make you a present of one?" he added, in a very low voice.

Charles Eden, busied in sombre reflections suggested by what Mrs. Chapman had just said to him, and still more so by the coldness with which Teresa had received him, was standing at the other end of the room, and did not hear this observation. Teresa drew from her bosom a letter, which she placed on the piano. As she made this movement the small gold chain that she wore round her neck became unloosened and fell at her feet.

"It is broken!" exclaimed Charles, hastily stepping forward and picking it up.

"It is only the lock," said Mr. Durand, attempting to lay hold of it; but Charles kept possession of it and promised he would get it mended. At length they all sat down to table. During dinner they spoke of indifferent matters; but in spite of the efforts of Mrs. Chapman, and though Mr. Durand endeavored to appear in excessively high spirits, they all seemed embarrassed. As for Teresa and Charles, they scarcely ate anything.

"Ladies," said the wine merchant, as if it were for the mere purpose of saying something to cause diversion, and taking a couple of ear-rings out of his pocket; "here is a splendid purchase I made to-day! Look at these diamonds, how beautifully mounted they are, and with what art those turquoises are set round them to bring out their brilliance!"

And as he spoke thus, Mr. Durand held the ear-rings by the side of Teresa's cheek, and seemed to take a pleasure in thus admiring them. Charles pushed away his plate, that was loaded with fruit which he had not even tasted, and did not join in the admiration which was expressed by Mrs. Chapman, and above all, by her daughter.

"You don't say a word, my young friend," observed the wine merchant, laughing. "I really believe you are jealous of my observing how they would look on the ears of Miss Chapman."

"I did not even see what you were doing," replied Charles, carelessly, "and—"

"Well, that's honest enough," said Mr. Durand.

"It is beautiful weather," said Mrs. Chapman, interrupting them; "shall we take a walk? Teresa and I have been in-doors the whole week."

"If I could have foreseen this," observed Mr. Durand, "I would have hired a carriage."

"A carriage; Mr. Durand!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman. "Really, Teresa and I are not at all accustomed to such ceremony. A walk will do us good. If we should feel too fatigued, we can take a fly, or a hackney coach, if we should be so fortunate as to meet with one."

"Let us start, then," said Mr. Durand; and as they were leaving the house, he offered his arm to Teresa.

"My poor Charles," said Mrs. Chapman kindly to her nephew, "you have no other choice than to offer me your arm. Politeness—"

"Politeness should have dictated to Mr. Durand the propriety of his being your companion, aunt," interrupted Charles. "But you know how I love you. It is without any kind of flattery, I assure you, that at this moment your society is more agreeable to me than Teresa's; for Teresa and I have ceased to understand each other. You know how regularly I come here every evening as soon as my business is over in the city. Well, I can scarcely at present get a single word out of Teresa as to our future. She speaks of everything and everybody, except ourselves. She even speaks to me of that Earl of Middleham, who is neither young nor handsome; quite the contrary; he is old and ugly, poisons himself with musk, and wears a wig and a false set of teeth. Well—would you believe it, aunt?—Teresa's mind is full of him! She has even gone so far as to say that he has a fine figure! Aunt," said the young man, sorrowfully, "I am afraid my cousin's head is now filled with strange ideas."

"You are foolish, Charles, quite foolish," said Mrs. Chapman. "Love impairs your understanding, and deprives you of your judgment. I hope—I flatter myself—"

"Aunt, I am not apprising you of anything new," said Charles. "You are already well acquainted with what I now tell you. It must be evident to you that changes have taken place in the character of your daughter."

These last words were uttered by Charles in a broken voice. However, he immediately resumed, raising his young, bold brow: "If this is unfortunately true—if Teresa has ceased to love me—I will know it. My attachment to her is not one of those sentiments which can be obliterated by caprice. But I can silence it—I can stifle it—if Teresa will not allow me the privilege of any longer esteeming her."

"You are going too far, Charles," observed Mrs. Chapman, mildly. "Meanwhile, do as I tell you. Seek no explanations from Teresa to-day. Let me speak to her. To-morrow—"

"No, aunt," replied Charles; "I cannot promise you that I will pass the night with such a doubt on my mind. Besides, I may perhaps be mistaken. Still, if Teresa continued to love me—if she was not making up her mind to betray me—how could she be laughing and jesting, as she is doing at this moment? What can she

have to say to Mr. Durand, when it was but a short time back she discovered him to be what he really is—a plain, honest man, but dull and wearisome."

"Can you be jealous of Mr. Durand?" said Mrs. Chapman, smiling.

"Oh, no! I feel no jealousy," replied Charles. "When we have confidence in the person we love, there is no entertaining that feeling long. But let us get nearer to them, and hear what is amusing them so much."

The small party now walked on close together; and thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Chapman and the gaiety of Mr. Durand, which had never before been so remarkable, the remainder of the evening passed off without a storm. Yet Teresa Chapman and Charles Eden seemed when together like two beings, one of whom feared and the other sought an explanation.

The ladies returned in-doors at ten o'clock. Shortly after Mr. Durand and Charles Eden left together. But when they arrived at the end of the road, the merchant told the young man he could find his way home alone.

"So much the better," said Charles to himself, as he hastily retraced his steps to the house of Mrs. Chapman; "I shall be the sooner with her."

Teresa, who had taken off her bonnet and folded up her scarf, was bidding "good night" to her mother, when Charles, who had found the street door open, rushed into the apartment.

"Charles!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman, in a voice and with a look of no little displeasure. "Cousin," added Teresa, knitting her brow, "I think it is somewhat too late—"

"Pardon me," said Charles, supporting himself against a table, for he seemed to be so short of breath; "pardon me, but I wish to speak to you this evening, cousin."

"Charles," replied the mother, "you know that I do not like any one remaining here too late. The reputation of a young girl—"

"I am all but your son," answered Charles, gravely. "But again, aunt, I beg you to pardon me. I assure you I did not think it possible to displease you."

"All this is very well, my dear," said Mrs. Chapman; "but since you now know that you are displeasing me, put off till to-morrow what you have to say. Good night."

"Only one word, aunt," said Charles, "one word only! Teresa, do you love me still?"

Teresa Chapman raised her eyes, almost dim with moisture, fixed them on the blooming handsome face of her young cousin, and burst into tears.

"Oh! you do love me!" he exclaimed. "If for a moment your heart has been chilled towards me, it has been but the caprice of a girl; perhaps, also, it has been my own fault; I may have done something that has given you offence; but you know well, my dearest Teresa, that my heart cannot be guilty of such a fault. I am hasty, nay, violent. Remember, I am but twenty. When I shall be living always with you and your—*our* excellent mother, you will see how submissive I will be to your desires, and always ready to sacrifice everything to you that a virtuous and honorable man can sacrifice."

Charles Eden pressed to his lips the hands of his betrothed, as if in confirmation of this avowal, bowed his head over those hands and wept for joy; for tears escape from youth as a tribute of gratitude to love. Teresa Chapman disengaged her hands and continued weeping.

"My children," said the mother tenderly, "I see that you now understand each other, and that you have to pardon each other for a misunderstanding—no doubt easily enough explained. Quarrels between persons engaged to be married ought not to last long. Look up, Teresa, and let all be forgotten; and you too, Charles, kiss us, and go."

Charles Eden was about to obey. All on a sudden he stopped on seeing the tears of his cousin increase till she sobbed. The mother appeared astounded, and the young girl, ashamed of a grief the cause of which she could not explain, rose quickly and hastened towards the door. This movement caused the handkerchief that was resting on her lap to drop to the ground, and from the handkerchief fell the little green morocco case containing the ear-rings that Mr. Durand had shown them at dinner.

"What does this mean?" exclaimed Charles, picking up the case. "Teresa!"

"My dear Charles," interrupted Mrs. Chapman, taking from his hands the morocco case which, in his wrath, he was about to break to pieces, "I think there is some misunderstanding in all this. I see that Teresa cannot or ought not to explain. Perhaps she wishes to tell no one but her mother what is passing in her mind. In any case, go, Charles, I entreat you. Return to-morrow. 'Tis I who will take on myself to reveal to you the whole truth."

Charles bowed his head, took up his hat, and walked slowly towards the door. Then, recalled by a grief stronger than his will, he returned to Mrs. Chapman, took her hand, which he raised to his lips, and burst into bitter tears.

"My dear," said his aunt to him in an affectionate manner, "have some reason. Be calm. You know how I love you."

"Oh, yes, aunt," he replied; "I know that. But Teresa lets me go away in this anguish of mind, of which she could deprive me by a single word—by a single look."

Teresa hid her face in her hands, hurried towards the door, and disappeared.

"Come, Charles, come," resumed Mrs. Chapman, "go home and rest yourself. Above all, I beseech you, say nothing to Mr. Durand. Do not ask him a question about this matter, or even allude to it, for, after all, it is probably a mere trifle."

"I will obey you, aunt," replied Charles in a sad voice. "But—"

"Come—go—to-morrow!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman.

"To-morrow," repeated Charles, as he prepared to leave the house.

"Open the door, my dear," Mrs. Chapman called out in a loud voice to her daughter, observing that Teresa had locked herself in her chamber.

But it was only when her mother had repeated the order several times, and in a stern manner, that the young girl obeyed, and then stood abashed in the presence of her parent.

"Teresa," said Mrs. Chapman, "I have promised Charles an explanation to-morrow; but, as for myself, I have the right to expect your explanation to-night. Use, then, neither duplicity nor circumlocution; but be frank and explicit, and let me know the truth."

Teresa threw herself into the arms of her mother, and her tears began to flow.

"Thank Heaven, my child, I see that you are sorry," said Mrs. Chapman. "You have been carried away by a moment of girlish giddiness. Is it not so? Yet there is something in this I cannot understand. How is it that you have kept Mr. Durand's diamond ear-rings? Why do you hide your blushing face in my bosom? Come, put an end to my uneasiness. Though still very young, you have already a firm and decided character; I should like to think it also a good and sensible one. You know well enough what you mean to do. Teresa, I see in your tears more embarrassment than grief. Tell me, what does all this mean?" And Mrs. Chapman gently raised the head of her daughter, and remained standing before her in painful suspense.

"I have acknowledged to you, mother," said Teresa, "that I would wish Charles to consent to defer our marriage for a few months, in order—"

"That you may say to him, 'You are not rich enough for me!'—to make him suffer the pangs of suspense," interrupted the mother. "No, my daughter, this must not be. You must either marry Charles immediately, or break off with him altogether."

"Mother, why do you torment me thus?" exclaimed Teresa. "I am no more than seventeen; and it seems to me I ought to have time to reflect over this."

"You ought," replied her mother, "if I had not, two years ago, called the attention of Charles and yourself to the fact that you were

both poor; but that was then no obstacle in your eyes. Now Charles has got on. His clerkship brings him in a great deal more."

"His clerkship!" exclaimed Teresa, contemptuously. "The fact is, my child, we had better end this unpleasant conversation," said Mrs. Chapman. "I have promised Charles a reply, which he must have to-morrow."

"Well," said Teresa, "I will write to him, mother; and you shall see my letter. But do not behave to me so crossly. Do you think that I have no sorrow?"

"If you love Charles as much as ever," replied her mother, "you will speedily put an end to it. But, believe me, Teresa, you must not lose a moment. If you leave him time for reflection, who knows what he may think of you! The fact is, if you have not come to a decision, expose with frankness to Charles all the hesitations of your mind. If it is possible, agree together in your arrangements; but if he should refuse to grant you the delay you are about to ask him, you may some day lament most bitterly the happiness you now reject. Learn this from me, Teresa—a woman's noblest destiny is to inspire a man with a sincere love. In this life of moral trials and physical afflictions, which is almost entirely our lot, the most consoling thing is a profound and lasting affection. If you reject it at this moment, who knows if you will ever find it again!"

Mrs. Chapman left her daughter more embarrassed than moved by the solemn and true words she had just heard. No doubt Teresa still loved Charles Eden. The first sentiment of the young girl, so unsophisticated, so pure, so earnest as it was, and which had come upon her soul like an instantaneous inspiration, was not effaced, but already had it become so dim that she believed there was wisdom in consigning it, if possible, to oblivion.

"My mother thinks she is right," thought Teresa, as she unfasted one by one the hooks in her dress; "but has this love for which she has made so many sacrifices rendered her so very happy? living as she does in obscurity, toiling constantly, bearing privations." While thus musing, she saw on the mantelpiece the jewel-case which Mrs. Chapman had forgotten to take away with her.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself as she sat down quite pensive. "I have accepted these ear-rings from Mr. Durand, and I have allowed him to take from off my finger the ring with a turquoise in it which Charles gave me, and which he told me was a stone indicative of happiness. I have now no token of Charles—no, not one," she added, looking at the bosom bereft of the gold chain which had so long rested close to her heart. And the graceful image of her young lover came and sat down by the pillow of the young girl. She closed her eyes; still the beautiful vision remained. She slept with it. Gradually, however, she gave way to dreams less innocent and less tender. She saw herself whirling about in brilliant equipages, her shoulders fatigued with the weight of costly Indian shawls, while her brow seemed to her as if it was loaded all over with pearls and diamonds. Then she awoke at the voice of her pretty parrot, which, as usual, repeating, "Oh! how I love Teresa!" Again she closed her eyes that she might not see her daily task, the embroidery-frame, which was waiting for her to set to work upon it.

"Always to be working!" said Teresa, when she arose on the following morning in low spirits. "To remain thus, constantly thus, perpetually thus—never! oh, never!" And without giving herself time to dress, the young girl wrote a letter rapidly, without shedding a tear, without hesitating a minute. In vain the poor little parrot kept repeating its accustomed speech—"Oh! how I love Teresa!" Teresa did not hear it.

When she was dressed she entered, with much equanimity and coldness, the room of her mother, who read in the firmness of her look that Charles Eden had to expect no pity.

"So, my daughter," observed her mother, "you have made up your mind; you have written your irrevocable resolution?"

"I have, mother," replied Teresa.

"And you have well reflected on all the mischief that you are about to cause?" observed Mrs. Chapman.

"I hope," said Teresa, "that Charles will be reasonable, that he will feel—"

"Don't say another syllable, my dear," interrupted her mother. "Your heart cannot understand the heart you are about to bruise—perhaps to break."

Anne, to whom Mrs. Chapman handed the letter, left the room without Teresa's making any attempt to detain her.

CHAPTER III.—A SAD SUNDAY.

WHEN Teresa retired that night to her small chamber she remained for a long time without getting any rest, and when sleep came, it was accompanied by dreams much more unpleasant than the night before. On the following morning she rose early. It was Sunday, a day that she had been in the habit of passing almost entirely in the company of Charles Eden. When it was fine, they took a jaunt into the country, to Greenwich or Richmond; and for some time past Mr. Durand had always made one at these parties, but he had spoiled them—deprived them of all the charm of innocence; for he had made Teresa deceitful and faithless. To-day Teresa did not get ready early in the morning her plain white gown and clean straw bonnet, as she had been accustomed to do on other Sundays. She looked with a sigh at as bright a sun as she had ever seen, and thought how very long the day would be. She also felt much embarrassed at seeing her mother again; she knew too well that that mother, so indulgent and so good, was hurt at her conduct; she felt all this; but vanity and idleness, which are the ruin of so many women, had thrown Teresa Chapman on a dangerous path. There were times when she felt very desirous of getting out of it; but this desire did not bear the impress of that powerful and noble will which comes from a generous soul; it was a lukewarm and transitory impulse; it was one of those sensibilities so common in youth—a sensibility in which we believe, which fills us with the soft passions, which interests those who are witnesses of it, but which does not tighten the strings of the heart that experiences it.

A shameful vanity tormented Teresa Chapman. She said to herself, "No, it is not to no purpose that Nature has given me a tall and an elegant figure, and features so regular that they are all but severe; I am resolved to make the most of these advantages, especially when I see that so many women who are not to be compared to me are indebted to their beauty alone for emerging from obscurity. And yet to rise I must sacrifice true love, sincere love—that sentiment so beautiful that it alone embellishes the existence of a woman who really has a heart. But it is not all women who have hearts; besides—"

At this moment Anne came to tell the young girl that she was to go to her mother. "Is my cousin with her?" inquired Teresa, timidly.

"No, miss, no," replied Anne; "but I have a notion that it is a letter from him that missus is reading, for she is crying so."

Teresa advanced to kiss her mother, as she was in the habit of doing every day the first time she saw her; but she was sorrowfully thrust back.

"Teresa," said Mrs. Chapman, gravely, "here is a letter from your cousin. Will you read it or hear it?" Teresa took the letter, and her mother said, somewhat peremptorily, "Read it out, my daughter, I beseech you. It is the only punishment you will receive from me."

"But, mother," murmured Teresa.

"Read it out, child," said Mrs. Chapman; "I wish you to read it out."

Teresa bit her thin and firmly closed lips, thus restoring to them the vermilion of which they had been deprived by a moment of emotion, and upheld by the laughfulness of her character, she commenced reading in an exceedingly firm voice as follows:

"My dear aunt, or rather my good mother, you must have felt pain, I am certain, if you had known the contents of the letter which my cousin has addressed to me; you must have felt pain for your poor Charles, whom, when a child, you held in your arms, and whom you have made so happy, as long as his happiness depended only upon you. Teresa proposes to me a delay of a few months. My first feeling was fear that I had displeased her; but on reading over the second time these words, 'We have neither fortune nor position, and we shall be setting bounds to our career, Charles, by allying ourselves together so soon,' I said to myself, 'Girls are not so prudent when they are deeply in love; and thus I caught a glimpse of that truth which I have so longed to know in all its entirety. Oh! my dear aunt, if you only knew how I recoiled before that truth, which must condemn me to entertain no longer the slightest esteem for Teresa!'"

"My cousin expresses himself in a manner that is almost offensive!" exclaimed Teresa, tossing the letter on the table.

"Go on," said Mrs. Chapman, in a voice of authority, "go on, child!"

Teresa took up the letter again without saying a syllable. But she frowned so angrily that the beautiful arches of her eyebrows almost touched each other, and she read on very rapidly and without pausing, determined to brave her own conscience rather than to brave the displeasure of her mother.

"Aunt (continued the writer), I went into the private room of Mr. Durand, and thus addressed him: 'For more than a month past, in our walks, at which you have never failed to be present, it has been almost always you, sir, who have given your arm to Teresa. Your conversations appeared to be animated and confidential. After these conversations she seemed to be colder to me.' 'And what do you think I said to her?' replied Mr. Durand to me, fretfully. 'Perhaps the observation may have escaped from me, that she was acting wrong in marrying a young man without a fortune. That is all.' Yet Mr. Durand appeared embarrassed, and seemed to wish me to leave him; but I was resolved to know everything. 'Can you tell me,' I resumed, 'how those ear-rings which you showed us yesterday have remained in the possession of my cousin?' 'From the natural desire of a young girl, I suppose, a wish to know if she would look more beautiful with diamond ear-rings.' As he spoke thus, Mr. Durand kept turning over some papers on his writing-table, and opening and shutting the drawers, as if to hint to me that he was busy, and that my presence was annoying to him. While he was thus occupied, he did not perceive that he had left open on his table a letter, about the handwriting of which I could not be mistaken."

"I shall read no more!" exclaimed Teresa, resolutely; "I do not want any more explanations."

"But I do," said her mother. "If you think yourself freed from the young man to whom you were betrothed, you are not so from your mother. You shall hear the most humiliating judgment that can be passed upon a woman, and you shall hear it from my lips;" and Mrs. Chapman resumed, in a loud voice and with firmness, the reading of the letter from Charles Eden.

"Oh! aunt, believe me sincere when I tell you that it was not only my betrayed love which gave me pain, but the conviction of the falsehood, the treachery of Teresa. She promised Mr. Durand that she would write to me to get me to defer our marriage; she added that she would reflect over his proposal to her, and that she was very much inclined to accept him, but that she was afraid of the displeasure of her mother and of my grief. In fact, Teresa's letter was so artfully beautiful, that, though she did not tell Mr. Durand she preferred him to me, she gave him to understand it. I confess to you, aunt, that my first impulse was to spring upon Mr. Durand, and chastise him for conduct which demanded vengeance; but the habit of respect and affection which I have long had for him prevailed. I hearkened to what he called his 'good reasons.' He told me that he had remarked the taste of Miss Chapman for luxury, and her aversion to toil, that he had ended by thinking that I should not be happy with her, and that he did not then see why he should not offer himself. My grief had been so violent that it was succeeded by a short interval of calmness, during which Mr. Durand made this explanation to me. He repeated to me several times that Teresa would be wretched if I forced her to marry me, and he concluded by offering me a large sum of money to go and set myself up as a wine merchant in the provinces, in the colonies, or, if I liked it, on the continent. I refused his offer, but with deference, for it is not he who is the guilty of the two; it is not he who was the first—but I pause; Teresa is your daughter."

"On leaving Mr. Durand I reflected over the step I ought to take. Teresa loved me no longer; and even were she to give me back her affections, I felt that I could not forget what had just passed. My pride prevented me from joining my lot to that of a woman who had hesitated about sharing it, and delicacy prompted the propriety of my not opposing the wish of my cousin to obtain a rich and luxurious home. May Teresa be happy, since she prefers fortune to love! She shall never have a reproach from him who loved her so dearly. You, aunt, I am sure, will be sorry for me—will partake my grief. You strove to do all you could to make me happy by giving me Teresa. For a moment I entertained the wretched thought of going away, of leaving England without apprising you of what had become of me; but the recollection of your love and kindness soon made me feel ashamed of such ingratitude. But these are my plans."

"Many a time have I had an opportunity of seeing General Baird, who commands an army of twenty thousand men, now under orders to leave for the Peninsula, to assist Sir John Moore in the liberation of Spain. Every time General Baird has seen me he has expressed his astonishment that at my age, with all the appearance of robust health, and he has been pleased to add, with an eye full of courage and energy, I could make up my mind to pass my life hanging over a desk. 'The sabre,' he has said to me over and over again, 'befits a manly arm.' I am going to find out the general; he will take me under his protection, I am certain; he will get me a commission; and I have no doubt whatever of getting on, for grief and detestation of life are excellent excitements to action. Do not weep for me, aunt. Had it not been for my love of Teresa, the military career is what I would have chosen. Besides, I must extinguish my love for her. Of what good would it be to express my sorrow to her? She must have known me well enough to be certain that my heart will never recover from the blow which she has given it. Farewell, aunt. Farewell, mother. Should the name of Charles Eden ever reach your ear, linked with glory, remember that it was you who brought him up. Should he fall in battle, his last thought will be of you, even as his last prayer will be for her."

The silence which followed the reading of this letter was for a long time disturbed only by the sobs which escaped from the bosom of Mrs. Chapman. Some tears also glistened in the eyes of Teresa; but she knew how to restrain them, and walked towards the door without consoling her mother.

"One word more, Teresa," said Mrs. Chapman; "as this letter has not moved you, I now think that you have never loved Charles; but I consider it my bounden duty not to let him go without trying to detain him. He is about to give up a clerkship, to which he has devoted five or six years of his youth, for a career of privations and danger. Oh! Teresa, if you have then forgotten that Charles was engaged to be married to you, have you also forgotten that he is your nearest relation? Poor boy! I think I see him already before the mouths of those terrible cannon which hurl down so many young lives."

"Cannon balls and musket bullets do not all take effect, mother," said Teresa; "and I cannot blame my cousin for his ambition."

"Ah! how happy we should all three have been if you had wished it!" said Mrs. Chapman. "But let us talk no more about it," she continued; and then with more severity in her manner, she added, "but tell me, Teresa, how you are situated with Mr. Durand. Is it true that he has received from you so much encouragement, that he has actually been induced to make a proposal of marriage to you?"

"I do not hesitate to say, dear mother," replied Teresa, "that common sense has led me to hearken to him, both for your sake and my own. I shall not always be young, and you will soon require rest. Mr. Durand has a thousand a year, and I have thought it my duty—"

"Daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Chapman, "do not mix me up with yourself in your calculations for the future, and in your schemes for fortune. I am contented with my lot. With order and economy I hope I shall even be able to lay by something to soften the hardships of Charles; for, as a subaltern officer, as a marching ensign, he will have to undergo, at first, many privations."

Teresa had turned to leave the room a second time; but, changing her mind, she approached her mother and said to her in a hesitating and embarrassed manner, "If you see Charles, tell him that I wish him all possible happiness. Tell him that only common sense and delicacy—"

"Peace, child!" exclaimed her mother. "It would be bitter irony to tell him that she who has destroyed his happiness wishes it for him. As for delicacy, it teaches us to keep our engagements, and never to betray any one who loves us. Let us speak no more of this; and never let us return to so unpleasant a subject."

Teresa retired to her room. She knew not how to occupy her time; she had not the heart to do anything. She stationed herself at the window; she thought that she might see Charles come; but he did not come, and she fell into a chair, saying, "He cannot, and he ought not to return."

Not a sound was heard throughout the house, usually so animated. Anne was not singing as usual in the kitchen. Teresa heard her

mother go out. No doubt Mrs. Chapman returned home more grieved and vexed than ever, for all on a sudden the door of the adjoining room was opened, and Teresa drew near and listened, when she heard her mother say, in broken tones, "Anne, do not lay a knife and fork for me; I shall not take anything." And Mrs. Chapman entered her room, and locked herself in.

"What is the matter then, Anne?" asked Teresa, in a low voice. "Good Heaven! what ails my mother?"

"Pardon me, Miss Teresa," replied Anne; "but I think there is no necessity for your calling upon heaven so much. When we do wrong, we must expect the results. Missus has a great deal of grief, and not without cause. Mr. Charles has gone abroad with the army. He has, it is true, many good recommendations; but recommendations do not prevent us from being killed. If that should ever happen to Mr. Charles, miss, you will have to reproach yourself for the death of a young man who has not his like in the world; so much understanding, such good manners, such kindness, and such amiability; though, to be sure, he is a little hot-headed and petulant. Oh, it is I who tell it to you, miss; but, believe me, you will never be loved so truly by any one as you have been loved by Charles Eden."

Anne was stopped in her prediction by a slight sigh. Teresa had dropped to the ground. She had fainted.

(To be continued.)

LINES.

By Henry C. Watson.

Weep not because youth's happy hours
Have faded all away;
They pass as pass Spring's early flowers,
As brief and sweet as they.
The dawn of life is full of dreams,
As false as idle jest;
We fancy life is all it seems,
When 'tis a dream at best—
An idle dream at best.

Weep not because the love has passed
That bless'd your early youth;
You thought your first love was your last,
And she you lov'd was truth.
This loving is a foolish thing,
It rarely stands time's test—
A fancy which the poets sing—
But still a dream at best—
An idle dream at best.

Weep not, dry up your tears—for shame!
There's plenty left in life!
Arouse, and earn a noble name
Amidst the world's great strife.
A thousand things there are "to do,"
Which give to life true zest,
More noble than to still pursue
A phantom at the best—
An idle dream at best.

Then weep not, for in all we see
A higher will than ours;
A bright side there will ever be,
To every cloud that looms.
And still to him who firmly dares
The proof of sorrow's test,
A future bright with hope appears
Of dreaming with the best.
No dream but Truth, the best!

THE JENKINS' AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

By Doesticks, P. B.

"LIVES there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said," pad my legs, and give me a curly wig; encase this manly form in satin adorned with spangles, put the least possible touch of rouge on these freckled cheeks, and mitigate the unnecessary bloom of this dainty nose with a mollifying dab of pearl-powder; then place in my hand a trusty sword, and give me a cap with a sticky-up feather, and I'll show you such a Romeo as would justify any Juliet in marrying me off-hand, and then committing a costly suicide with an expensive dagger, when she discovered that I had prematurely made away with myself by means of a "cup of cold pizen." Show me a man who has never experienced a desire to "go on the stage," who has never sighed for the sock, or aspired to the buskin, who has no sneaking kindness for the footlights, and no desire to acquaint himself with the wrong side of the green curtain, and I'll pronounce that man a humbug, with no more imagination, sentiment, romance, or any other touch of divine grace in him, than there is ideality in a bushel of shoeegs. I won't trust that man, I won't believe in him, I refuse to have to do with him, I repudiate that man—take him away. But commend me to the individual who, when a boy, has often made an Othello of himself with his father's dressing-gown and a bit of burnt cork; who has frequently gone down to breakfast with premature whiskers and moustaches done in India ink upon his beardless face, the remnants of last night's "Pirate of the Gulf;" who has, time after time, desolated the kitchen of potlids for Roman shields, and of carving-knives for British broadswords; who has made a Rolla of himself with a hearthrug, extemporized a Cora's Child out of his sister's biggest rag-baby, and then nearly broken his neck trying to carry that suffering infant safely across a shaky bridge, hastily constructed of dining-table boards and rocking-chairs, while that same sister, in the character of Pizarro and the whole Spanish army, has pursued him hotly with a poker. Such a man is a man to trust, and I take him to my heart in a theatrical embrace, and dramatically rest my chin on his shoulder, while I squeeze him according to honored stage custom.

Few young people escape attacks of the stage fever, and when that disease becomes epidemic in a certain neighborhood, and a number of people are down with it at the same time, it usually breaks out with great violence in an exhibition of amateur theatricals, after which a crisis the most of the patients slowly recover. I was recently present, and indeed, in my mild way, I assisted, at an amateur performance of this description, and I will say that if any person wants to see the most rich and unadulterated form of fun, let that person be present at the performance, by novices, in a parlor, of a tragedy; and let that person take particular note of the death and subsequent performances of the hero; for there never yet was a parlor whose contracted dimensions would give an amateur room enough to die in, and there never yet was an amateur actor who could keep his legs still after he was dead.

The name of my friend at whose house the "event" came off, is the poor but honest one of Jenkins. There is a predominance of girls in Jenkins' family, in fact there are no boys at all; but half a dozen ordinary boys boiled down into one, wouldn't contain half the reckless mischief of the youngest Jenkins, supposed to have been christened Margaretta, but invariably addressed by her sisters as "Mag," with the not infrequent addition of "rascal." Isabella Jenkins is a young lady of a sentimental turn of mind, with a special fancy for love-lorn heroines; and Irene Jenkins is a daring damsel, like a Lady Gay Spanker, confined to the "pent-up Utica" of the house. This young lady would have done fox-hunting and steeple-chasing in gallant style, no doubt, if her star had been propitious; but being under domestic restrictions as to horsemanship, she is

compelled to relieve her mind in a quieter way, and to satisfy her equestrian aspirations with such mild riding as could be got out of the hall balusters.

All these young ladies had got the fever; it was chronic with Isabella, though it had but lately appeared in the others. The first-named lady had been frequently known to stop in the midst of her sweeping, and address her broom with, "Me adored Alphonso, be kind to your loved Calanthe; they shall never tear thee from me, or if they do, Alphonso, we shall meet hereafter in the *skei*!"—and she had baked, in buckwheat cakes, quarts of agonizing tears, which she, fancying herself Juliet, had dropped into the unsympathising batter.

The fever had assumed much the same form in Irene, though it had developed itself at a more recent date; she seemed to have a partiality for violent death scenes, and twenty times within a fortnight had broken out into some heartrending speech, at the end of which she would pretend to poison herself from the mustard-pot, or stab herself with a flatiron, or cut her delicate throat with a dustpan. With Mag the disease took a gymnastic form, and produced some extraordinary ground-and-lofty tumbling over sofa cushions, and some unsuccessful essays at tight-rope dancing on the clothes line in the back yard, her ideas seeming to savor more strongly of the circus than the theatre.

It was impossible for this sort of thing to go on for any length of time without some kind of a crisis. Jenkins saw that the dramatic steam was getting too high in his domestic boilers, and that he must provide a safety valve or there would be an explosion, the catastrophe he particularly had in his mind's eye being the elopement of Isabella with the first actor she could by any possibility get acquainted with. Jenkins is not ignorant of the workings of sentimentalism in the female mind, and he knew perfectly well that if he attempted to "crush out" by harsh means the rampant romance that was rife in his establishment, the probabilities were that his daughters, taking unto themselves small bundles, would escape from the windows of his domicile and wander forth as distressed heroines fleeing from a cruel father, until they were taken care of by the neighbors or picked up by the police.

So Jenkins resolved to give them a taste of the stage, and let them see by a little practical experience the beauties and delights thereof. He got me to suggest to the girls an amateur performance of a real play, for Jenkins was too shrewd to make such a proposition himself. He wanted not only to make a great favor of giving his consent, but he wanted the burden of the ridiculous failure (for all amateur performances are ridiculous failures), to rest on the heads of his daughters, and smash their Thespian ambition for all time to come.

The girls snapped eagerly at the hint, and after a consultation of three days they mustered courage to attack the paternal Malakoff, meaning Jenkins. They employed the customary weapons of the sex, and marched on him with blandishments, and plied him with kisses, and stormed him with tears, and bombarded him with poutings, so that at the end of the third day he gave in, being secretly in high glee and overrunning with satisfaction. One parlor was to be the stage, and the audience of invited guests was to occupy the other—the curtain cutting off any undue familiarity with the actors.

Then came consultations as to who should be invited to assist in the coming festivities; it was unanimously voted that I should enact the hero, no matter what play was chosen, as a reward for my brilliant proposition of the plan. It was decided, *nem. con.*, that we had ladies enough; no piece was to be selected with more than three heroines, as the daughters of the House of Jenkins did not propose to give any rivals they might have an opportunity to outshine them. Then the question was on the gentlemen. Isabella cared not who else was asked to participate, so that her devoted slave, who rejoiced in the name of Slubley, should play her lover. Slubley squinted, and that optical aberration was against the stateliness of his tragic bearing; and Slubley had red hair—but then he could hire a wig, and so Slubley was decided on. Jones, Padlin, Brooks, young Granville, Rinchey, Bepps, Raddle, Wilkins, Carter and Todd were canvassed, and elected to the honor of being invited to participate. To the everlasting honor of those gentlemen be it said, not one declined, and the very next day all their acceptances were on file. Then came the choice of a play. "The Lady of Lyons," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Wife," "The Stranger," "The Hunchback," "Hamlet," "Ingomar," "Othello," "Venice Preserved," "Rob Roy" and "The Lady of the Lake" were all rejected for various reasons—the last-mentioned play, I remember, being decided against because Ellen Douglas has to come on in a boat, and the parlor carpets (which we were not allowed to take up) seemed to offer an insurmountable objection to any sort of navigation. The great trouble seemed to be, that we had three ladies who all wanted to be heroines, and who wouldn't for a long time consent to be anything else. Consequently we always had three Desdemonas, three Mrs. Hallers, three Paulines and a trio of Julias, and couldn't for the life of us find a single Emilia, a Countess, a Madame Deschappelles, or a Helen. At last, after much trouble, Maggy Jenkins was bought off, and she consented to resign her claims to the heroine, and to play anything that we should give her. I think, but am not quite sure, that the consideration was three new dresses and an unlimited supply of molasses candy for a month.

Casting about for a play with a pair of heroines, and at least one devoted lover, we at length hit on "Pizarro," which is certainly the most impossible play for parlor representation that could be suggested, but they would have nothing else. Irene consented to enact Elvira; not, I believe, from any love for the part, but because Raddle, with whom she had once had a desperate flirtation, was to "do" Pizarro, and she would have an opportunity of mentioning to his face "the fiendlike arts by which this hypocrite first undermined the virtue of a guileless heart;" also of calling him "the scourge of innocence," and making amiable mention of him as a "fiend" and "tyrant."

Isabella was, of course, to be the gentle Cora, with her loving Slubley as Alonzo, and they were to borrow a child from a mutual friend. Mag was to play Valverde, and the blind man's boy, and the sentinel, and to be one of the Spanish soldiers who find Cora's Child in the woods; and I, of course, was to be the Rolla of the evening. It was, moreover, suggested that as Rolla doesn't come on in the first act, I should fill up the time by playing Orombo, and being comfortably killed before I really began to act. Of course I consented, and the days now passed in preparation. The Jenkins' mansion was in a state of perpetual rehearsal. Irene Jenkins, as Elvira, had to say to me, as Rolla, "Take this dagger!" and at the same time to put into my hand that dangerous implement. During the two weeks that intervened before the grand night, this particular speech seemed to be always in her mind, and the various articles she pressed into the service as daggers were more surprising than ever. "Take this dagger!" she exclaimed to her father, giving him his hot coffee with a convulsive jerk that spilled half of it in his lap; and she also a-touched her mother with throwing a quarto dictionary at her defenceless head, with the quiet observation, "Take this dagger!" Her music-teacher took more than a dozen daggers in the course of that fortnight, and he took them very politely, as a man who is well paid ought to take anything. In one part of the piece Cora "dashes herself to the ground," as the stage direction reads, and for the whole of that two long weeks Isabella Jenkins went frantically dashing herself down in all directions, until, as

her younger sister averred, she had bruised herself to the color of a radish. Maggy, I have every reason to believe, passed the greater part of her time in practising the sentinel scenes with a rolling-pin on her shoulders instead of a spear, and in promiscuously poking her sisters with that harmless but unpleasant utensil whenever she caught them rehearsing their pathos. And I, and Jones, and Padlin, and the rest of us, we were so occupied with learning our parts, and rehearsing our scenes, and getting our dresses made, and borrowing wigs, and in fixing scenery, and attending to the thousand and one things to be done, that we were bothered into a state of insane bewilderment.

At last the eventful evening arrived. Jenkins' parlor was, by the aid of window-shades, and sheets, and piano-covers, and a real curtain that would roll up, transformed into a very passable home-made theatre. We assembled at the house, each bringing his wardrobe in a bundle, and repaired to our several rooms to dress.

When at last we were all ready and the impatient audience in the parlor below were wondering what was the matter, there was a long wait on account of Pizarro. That unfortunate youth, not being blessed with legs of comeliness and beauty, had striven to remedy the shortcomings of nature by strange devices of his own, in the way of pads. The pads were, theoretically, perfect; practically, they made his nether extremities look like bulgy sausages of different sizes; he had, moreover, not considered it necessary to add to the dimensions of the upper section of his limbs, but had merely provided some very exaggerated calves, so that the circumference of his legs below the knee was, at least, six inches more than it was above, giving him the appearance of having those useful members on wrong end up. When at last he was ready, we all proceeded to the parlor, and here a new difficulty presented itself; there wasn't room enough behind our scenes for the entire company at one time without those being visible to the audience who should have been hidden—a fact that we had not discovered before, because we had never had a general rehearsal. So it was arranged that all those who were not needed in the business of the scene should stay in the hall till wanted. At last we were ready to begin. Irene Jenkins, as Elvira, was to recline on the sofa, and Maggy, as Valverde, was to enter from the left-hand side. The bell rang, there was a rustle of expectation outside; but the curtain didn't go up. The bell rang again, but the curtain was obstinate, and did not seem disposed to go up for any amount of bell ringing, and it didn't—Bepps and Carter had to hold it up. Then the scene began. Valverde came on, and Elvira began to speak—she got as far as "noisy camp," and couldn't go on; then Valverde tried to speak, but couldn't think what to say, so she ran off; then Elvira rose from her graceful position and tried to run away also, but she caught her feet in her train, and would have fallen through the wing if Pizarro hadn't rushed in and caught her—and Bepps and Carter dropped the curtain—then Elvira shed a few natural tears of chagrin—then we cheered her up—then we consulted, and resolved to begin again in a new place, with the scene of Pizarro and Elvira—so we did, and got on very well, except that Pizarro's legs were the natural subject of remark, and Elvira spoke so low that nobody could hear her—then the curtain came down, but immediately went up again, and Pizarro had a scene with his officer and army, who were also hugely developed about the legs, and who tripped each other up with their swaras—when any one had anything to say, he shouted it with tremendous gesticulation, which always interfered sadly with the comfort of his next neighbors; they all did this except Brooks, who said, "Death to the whole Peruvian race," as if he were asking for more sugar in his tea. At last my scene came—I was Orombo, who is dragged on in chains—I was dragged on in chains and I made a sensation, for I dropped my chains on the toes of Granville, who acknowledged the compliment, by saying in a whisper that was perfectly audible all over the house, that he believed I did it on purpose, and that he would make me apologise. As I couldn't very well apologise then, I went on with the dialogue—at last I was killed—then I fell back in Granville's arms, and Granville pinched me as he bore me away—he couldn't bear me away far enough to get my legs off the stage, so I had to get up and walk away in full view of the audience. Then the curtain came down, and thus ended the first act.

I hurriedly dressed for my second part, and Alonzo and Cora got through their scene very well—Alonzo's squint being much admired, and Cora's Child getting an unexpected round of applause by asking for apple dumplings.

And now we came to our great triumph, the scene in the Temple of the Sun. We had depended on this for our great effect; we had a pasteboard sun made with gilt paper, and we were going to have the fire descend upon the altar on a wire, just as it does in real theatres. Everybody was to be on, to make the scene effective—even Elvira was to throw a veil over her face and stand in the background; all the men were to put on white sheets, and represent "Virgins of the Sun," and altogether we depended on this grand effect to retrieve the mortifications that had gone before. We prepared—everybody was in place, the Virgins of the Sun were ranged in order, with particular instructions to be modest as to the legs and keep them out of sight as much as possible, and all was ready; then we discovered that as everybody was on the stage, there was no one to ring the bell—so Maggy went and rang the bell—then there was no one to pull up the curtain—so Bepps and Carter, in their "Virgin" robes, volunteered to accomplish that feat, and did it. Then we began to sing the grand Hymn, and had progressed to "O Power Supreme, in mercy smile," when the fire for the altar (a sponge saturated with turpentine), lighted in the midst of the worshippers—Elvira screamed and tried to run, but two stout "Virgins" were on her train, and in her frantic struggles she upset all three—the Sun fell down and covered up Cora's Child, and that unhappy brat, seizing me by the leg, threw me into Cora's lap, with my head in the stomach of Alonzo, who was comfortably reposing under the united weight of Pizarro and half a dozen of those same stalwart, leg-developed Virgins. The slender supports of our scenery gave way, and the whole contrivance fell upon the struggling mass of actors. We all squirmed helplessly, until the audience interfered and rescued us. Elvira was borne to her room in a fainting condition, and Cora, who had received a black eye from the heel of her beloved Alonzo as they fell over, sobbed out yows of vengeance indiscriminately against everybody.

We afterwards discovered that it was Maggy who had done the mischief, she had lighted the ball of fire just to see how it would work, and had, then, finding it too hot to hold, thrown it down, to save her fingers.

We dispersed incontinently, and I have since learned from Jenkins that the girls treat any allusion to the subject with intense disgust, and that they go about the house without any more faintings, or stabblings, or tragedy romance of any description. Jenkins has also promised to take my Rolla dress off my hands—at first cost. I am willing to dispose of it, for I have had quite enough personal experience of Amateur Parlor Theatricals.

A FAT man undertook the task of teasing an eccentric preacher. "Do you believe," he said, "in the story of the prodigal son and the fattest calf?" "Yes," said the preacher. "Well, was it a male or female calf that was killed?" "A female," he promptly replied. "How do you know that?" "Because," said he, looking the interrogator steadily in the face, "I see the male is alive now."

THE JAPONICA EPISTLES.

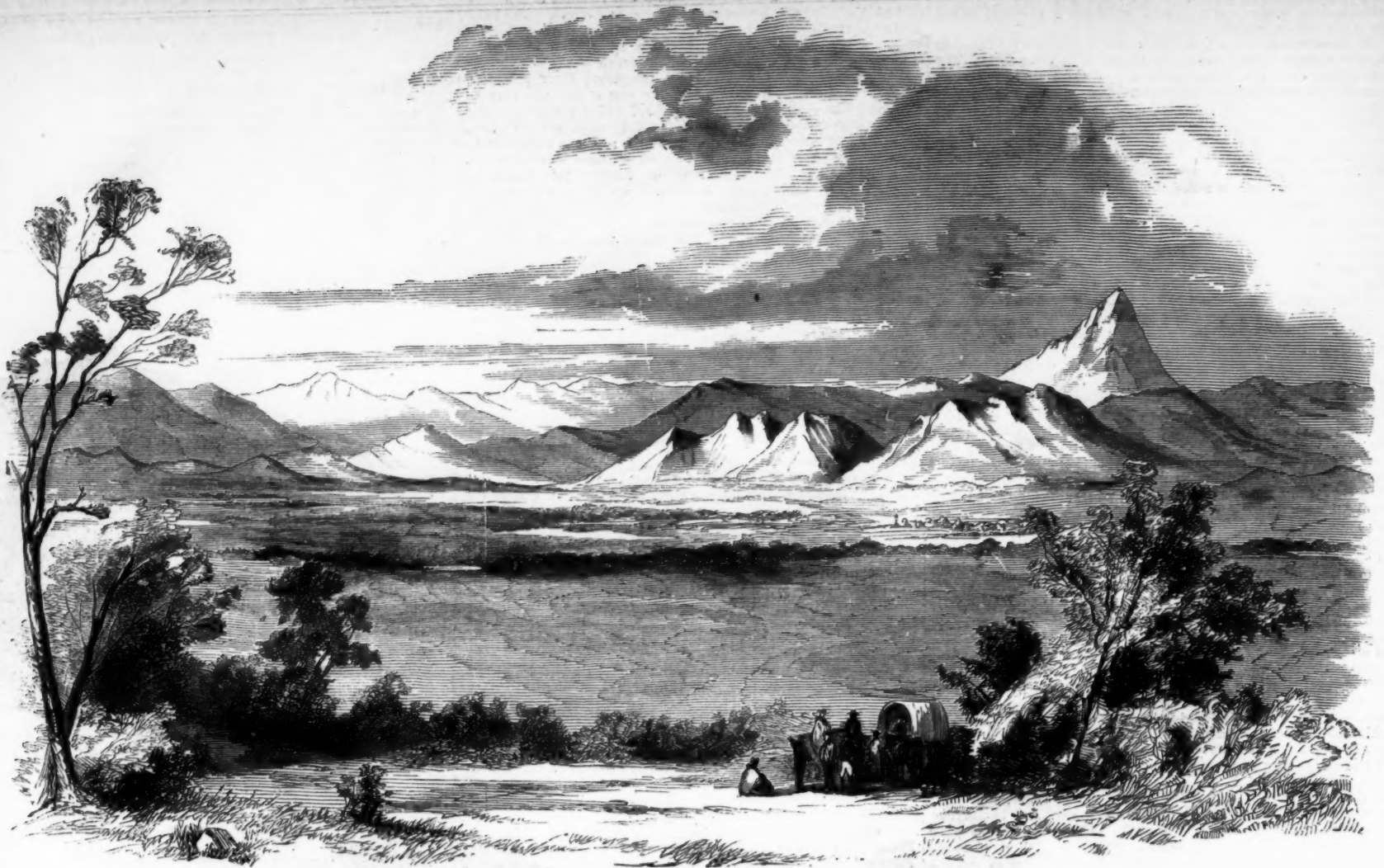
FROM MRS. SERAPHINA BROWN, OF UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, TO MISS ROSINA SMYTHE, OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

ROSINA, my dear, you are really as green
As the leaf of a cabbage, or my new velvetreen;
Or else you'd have known that your Prince at the ball
Was bogus, and truly no noble at all!
But while we're confessing, my love, you must know
I was nearly myself sold, and not long ago;
We met at the Haight's, when he asked me to dance,
And he prattled quite glibly of Russia and France—
Of the Countess de Lieven, and the Princess Mathilde,
And of sixteen fierce duels, where he'd nearly been killed.
He spoke of the charms of the Empress Eugenie,
And threw such a languishing look upon me!
As he said that he never had seen such divinites
As he saw every Sunday at Grace Church and Trinity's;
Then with a deep sigh that would do, any day,
For Brougham, when he's making love—that's in play—
(For 'twixt you and me, Lester's cold stony glare
Is just the wrong way to wake up the fair.)
He owned that he never till that night had seen
One so cut out by nature to be Beauty's Queen.
Then he begged for my glove, in his helm said he'd fix it,
And be my true knight, like another Don Quixote!
He swore, when restored to his kingdom, that he
Would create a new order in honor of me—
'Stead of Knights of the Garter—which he thought made too free
With the legs of the fair—they'd be Knights of the Glove,
And founded to celebrate Beauty and Love!
He let fall too, *par hazard*, he was travelling incog,
(That's French, *ma mignonne*, and means "hid in a fog.")
He then pressed my hand, and gazing on me,
Sighed "You have conquered the heart of Prince Castiglione!"
At that minute my brute comes up with a gruff,
"Now, marm, let's be off, I have had quite enough;
The wine is—bad, and the chickens are tough."
Next night we all went—that's the brute, ma and Fanny—
And I, love, of course, to hear "Don Giovanni;"
Oh, that glorious Herr Pomes! he's a heavenly fellow;
And a *basso profundo*, and acts Leporello.
The plot, I am told, is every bit true,
And performed every day in the Fifth Avenue;
But I never was good at spinning a story,
So I'll tell you the singers—the new dame Caradori,
The matchless La Grange, D'Angri and Ardavani,
Whose names are, perhaps, so much Irish blarney;
But who, love, would go to hear low creatures sing
Who were named Smith, Jones, Tompkins, and that sort of thing?
When the first act was done I was looking about
With my last new *lorgnette*, when who should I spy out
But my wonderful Prince—as, by instinct, his eyes
Met mine the first glance! "Such a grateful surprise
Lit up his dark whiskers, I thought, as he stood,
It seemed as though gaslight had flashed on a wood!
So I turned to my brute with "Now, sir, you can see
The Prince Castiglione is bowing to me."
Won't this rile the low Joneses? and, sir, look you there,
Just notice the Robinsons—see how they stare!
No wonder these people such envy evince—
'Tisn't every man's wife that's bowed to by a Prince!"
Well, what do you think? the brute turned his head,
Looked hard at my prince, and provokingly said,
"That the Prince Castiglione—Prince Fiddle-de-dee—
That's a barber at Phalon's—he often shaves me;
But give up your smiling, what I've told you is true,
Don't you see all the people are laughing at you?"
Well, would you believe it? In driving next day
Past a hairdresser's store, somewhere in Broadway,
But who, at the door, in shirt sleeves should, here stand
With a comb in his hair, curling-tongs in his hand,
An apron before him—in those bright leather boots?
But my Opera Prince; oh, these Princes are brutes!
Now for pleasanter things; you remember that minx
That gave herself airs at the Thompsons—she drinks!
She's now married to Nupkins, that exquisite spoon,
Entre nous—let me whisper—not one hour too soon!
But, Rosa, be cautious, lest somebody brings
This news home to me—for we can't prove these things!
And Brown's such a brute, were I sued for a libel,
He'd growl out, "You'd better, marm, stick to your Bible."
Good gracious! I'd nearly forgotten to say
That Popkin the bill-broker's just run away,
And went in such haste—a fact, 'pon my life—
He took old Screwm's money and young Wigan's wife,
And, to make matters worse—the horrible rake—
Left his own wife behind him—whom no one will take!
Tho' 'tis said, but mind, dear, I just merely hint it—
And Rose, above all things, you never must print it—
That she first taught her husband the lesson to flirt,
Still, when people are down, envious ones will throw dirt!
Although, to be candid, I had always my doubt,
And am not now astonished that all has come out!
I need scarcely add, though we once were such friends,
Yet with her misfortunes our intercourse ends;
And so when she called to bore me with her sorrow,
I sent word, "I was out," for fear she might borrow;
But not only this, our own safety insists on
Such people should not be our visiting lists on.
For 'tis only those who, by all are confest
As above all suspicion, dare receive the distress;
So, depend on't, a parson you never will meet
In church, or a widow in famed Mercer street;
Though if in large shoals you should e'er wish to see 'em,
Go on Wednesday afternoon to Barnum's Museum!
But now to my friend—that's "return to our mutton,"
(At lamb and green peas I was ever a glutton!)
There's something suggestive at such innocents meeting,
Of course only meant for other folks eating.)
You'll never catch me turning Christian for merely
The nonsense of helping the fools who act queerly;
Although if a dollar or a couple will do it,
And it's much to be talked about, they're welcome to it!
Since our duck of a parson ever tells us to do—
"You are bound to do others as others do you,"
And "that it is harder for camels to wheedle
Their way into heaven, than rich men through a needle."
I won't be quite sure I'm exact to the letter,
But I've got the true spirit, and that, love, is better!
So you see, dear Rosina, Corey's not lost his preaching,
And I'm all the better for Scriptural teaching.
But, Heaven and Earth! as I'm a sinner,
There's Julius ringing the first bell for dinner—
So, dropping my pen, I prepare to go down
To meet the glum brute, yours,
SERAPHINA BROWN.

A Daring Fox.

A gentleman residing in Scott county, Mo., informs us that, while he was leisurely riding along the bank of the Mississippi, recently, with a half dozen favorite chickens thrown across his saddle-bow, a large fox emerged from the woods and impudently followed him. Thinking Reynard would lay himself liable to capture in making off with them, he tossed the Shanghai from his horse. They had scarcely touched the ground before the fox had seized them. Our friend threw himself from his horse, but before he had cleverly alighted the fox, with all six of the fowls, was several feet out in the Mississippi, paddling, with an industry worthy of the occasion, for the opposite bank of the river! After offering his kingdom for a gun, about a dozen times, our friend bestrode his nag, and pushed onward, feeling very much like acknowledging that he had been abominably "sold."

John Travis, the noted pistol-shooter, has accepted a challenge with James W. Wales, of Louisville, Kentucky, to shoot a match for \$1,000. The number of shots to be twenty, of which Wales is to split five balls out of ten on a knife at a distance of thirty yards. Travis is to split one more ball than Wales.



MOUNT SHASTA, AT THE HEAD WATERS OF THE SACRAMENTO VALLEY, NEAR COTTON WOOD CREEK, CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY T. A. AYRES, ESQ.

THE SCENERY OF CALIFORNIA.

We present to our numerous readers, in our present issue, a second series of some of the striking natural scenes to be witnessed in California. As the people become more and more acquainted with the wonderful character of the "Golden State," the more the idea prevails that, in all respects—for wealth in gold, for salubrity of climate, for wonderful growth of cities, for enterprising population, and for sublime exhibitions of nature, California has no parallel on the globe. The mountains of California are more wonderful than the Alps, and the lakes at their feet, which reflect their dark sides, are magically beautiful.

The time is not far distant when it will be fashionable for tourists to ascend the Sierra, and the artist will follow and drink in new sources of inspiration from the wonderful combination of precipices, waterfalls, valleys and distant mountains, which are witnessed upon the shores of the mighty Pacific. We have the

honor of leading off in the work of introducing Californian scenery to the art-loving world, and through the magic pencil of T. A. Ayres, Esq., who has spent much time among the scenes he delineates, we are enabled to produce them in our pages.

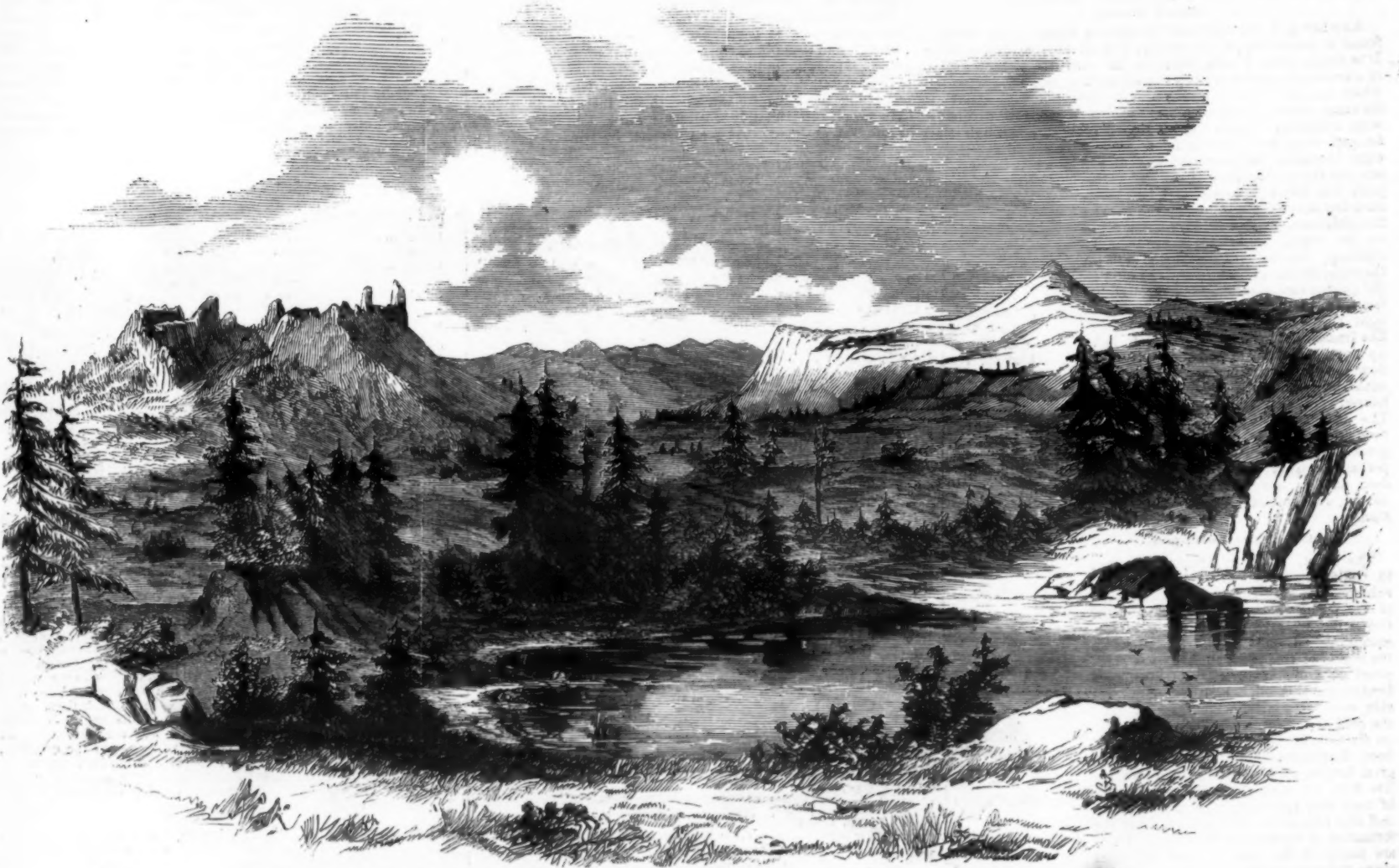
Mount Shasta.

On a still, sunshiny afternoon, as the traveller approaches Shasta city from the south, he beholds the head of the Sacramento Valley, with the surrounding mountains, above the ranges of which rises the magnificent peak of Mount Shasta, presenting a view, that for grandeur, once witnessed can never be forgotten. As seen in the view from near Cottonwood Creek, this mountain is distant over a hundred and twenty-five miles, yet its snow-covered cone seems to pierce the heavens, rising one thousand seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, being the highest mountain peak in California. Its origin is undoubtedly volcanic, as large masses of sulphur and other indications of eruptive fire have been found

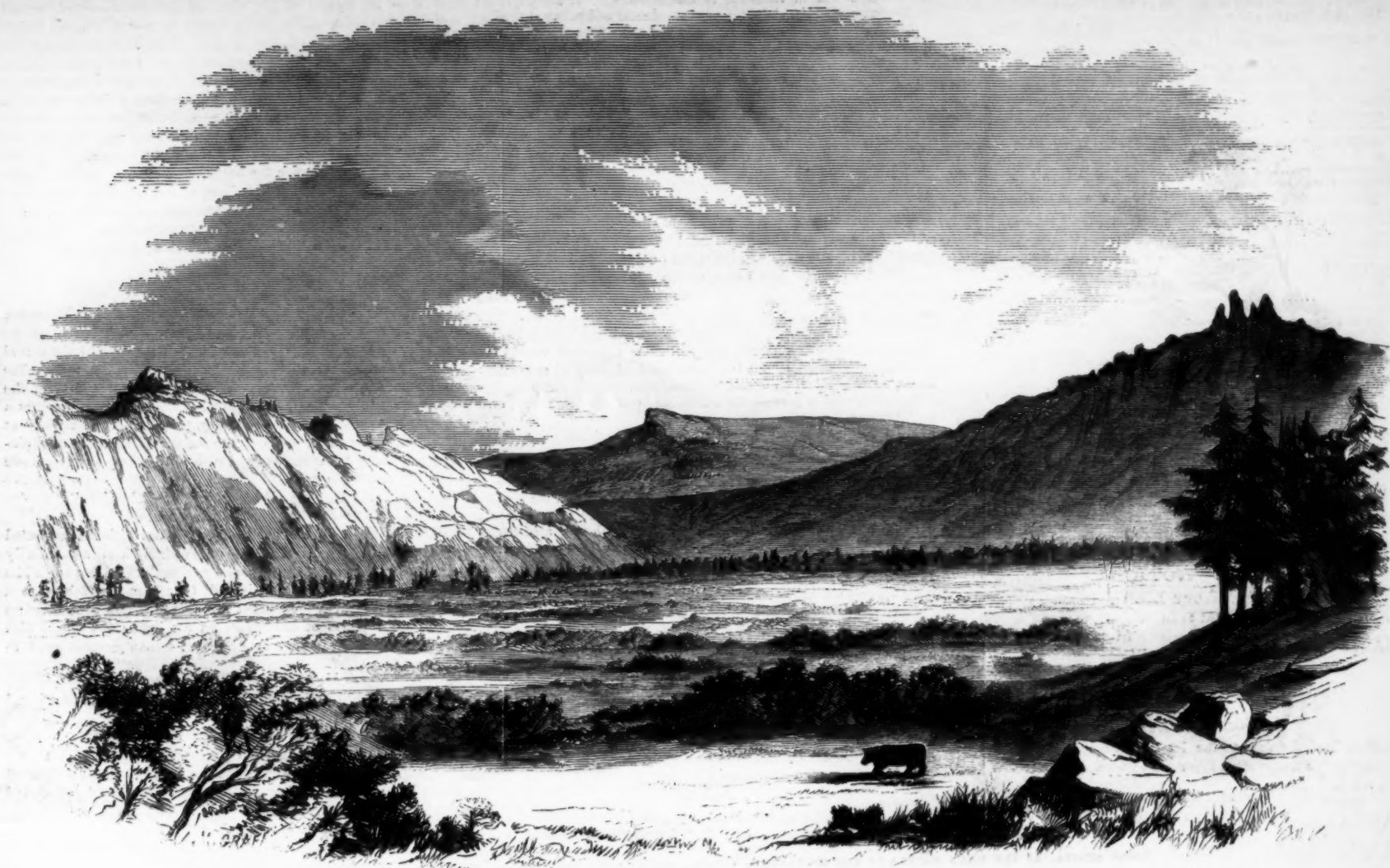
by those who have made the ascent to its summit. In the middle ground is to be seen the valley of the Sacramento River its course being easily traced by the timber growing on its banks. In the extreme distance to the left the high snow-capped mountains of the Trinity River are seen gleaming, forming a fine contrast with the darker and more heavily timbered ranges which intervene.

Castle Rocks.

The Stanislaus is one of the tributaries of the San Joaquin River, and affords many sublime views, among which may be deservedly named the Castle Rocks, near the source of the South Fork. The scene given in our paper occurs on the emigrant road, which crosses the Sierra Nevada at the head waters of Walker's River, about seventy-five miles above Sierra. As seen from the point we have indicated, these rocks have the exact appearance of an old ruined fortress, with the remains of battle.



THE CASTLE ROCKS, NEAR THE SOURCE OF THE SOUTH FORKS OF THE STANISLAUS RIVER, CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY T. A. AYRES, ESQ.



RELIEF VALLEY, AT THE SOURCE OF THE MIDDLE FORK OF THE STANISLAUS RIVER.—DRAWN BY T. A. AYRES, ESQ.

ments and towers, some of which rise two thousand feet above the level of the river, which flows quietly through the valley at their base. In the foreground is to be seen one of those numerous lakes which are fed by the melting surface of everlasting snows, while its banks are adorned by dark clumps of hemlock, the spaces between purple with the heather plant, common to the higher portions of the Sierra, affording food for innumerable flocks of grouse, peculiar to this elevated region.

A sojourn in this vicinity during the summer months of July and August is very attractive; free from the intense heat of the low country, where everything verdant has disappeared, upon the mountain sides it is as fresh and green as spring. To the sportsman no spot on the globe presents greater inducements. Wild scenery, abundance of game, from the grizzly bear, the deer, down to wild turkeys and grouse. Exercise is prompted by the bracing air, the appetite is sharpened by exercise, and the hunter, full of health, fairly revels in the charms which Nature has so profusely scattered around him.

Relief Valley.

Another most beautiful and interesting valley of the Sierra is found at the source of the middle fork of the Stanislaus River. It is called Relief Valley, from the fact that it was here a party of starving emigrants crossed the mountains, and received succor while on their way to Sonora. In this valley is about one thousand acres of level ground, forming a meadow diversified with clumps of willows; the streams which run through it are fringed with firs. The meadow land is eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, yet the surrounding peaks and precipices rise fifteen hundred and two thousand feet above the level of the valley. In the afternoon, when near sunset, the effect on the varied landscape is exceedingly striking. The faces of the rugged cliffs on the right are then in deep purple shadow—the golden sunlight streaming through its fantastic battlements, like the bands of light through an old cathedral window. The masses of granite to the left light up with a startling effect, the green meadow below contrasting its rich verdure with the sterile rocks, that literally rise heavenward, over the bosom of the plain. The distant smoke of the solitary camp fire, situated in the timber belt beyond, gives life and expression to the scene; or perhaps a stray grizzly bear or startled deer add to the effect of undisturbed nature, still untouched by the industry of man.

Falls of the Cosumnes.

The artist, however, cannot go astray in California, when in search for the sublime and beautiful. In our last view of the present series, in the Falls of the Cosumnes, we give a specimen of the formation called the Canon. The rocks in the region of this great curiosity are composed of different varieties of auriferous formations, through which run innumerable veins of quartz, which have afforded the gold of the placers. These falls occur on the Cosumnes River, some forty miles from Sacramento City. They are of no great height, only some twenty or twenty-five feet, yet with the surrounding mass of rock they form a sight of rare interest, and also present in a favorable manner the formation of the entire gold region. There are many of the cascades, and beautiful views throughout the entire mining range, artaking, however, of the same general owing to the similarity of the

geological formation peculiar to the auriferous regions of the mining belt of California. It is only necessary to examine these beautiful pictures attentively to be impressed with the fact, that California is the most extraordinary country on the globe, combining within itself every kind of scenery common to the tropics and the temperate zone, possessed of climates varied but always genial, and enriched with an abundance of agricultural resources and mineral wealth, such as nowhere else concentrates under the sun.

Looking a Bear out of Countenance.

A few nights since, one of the citizens of Jackson, Cal., was aroused from his slumbers by something pulling the blankets off his bed. As it was near day, he concluded it was one of his fun-loving early rising chums, playing him a practical joke; so, reaching out his hand, he caught the culprit by the hair of his head, as he supposed, while with the other hand he struck a light, at the same time threatening vengeance on the intruder whom he so firmly held by the hair. The light blazed up, and he leaned over to get a view of the prisoner, who had "nary word," and seemed to squat to keep out of sight. Imagine his consternation on finding he had his hand clutched in the hair on the back of a live bear. Here was a fix. His grip relaxed, and dropping the beast, he retreated to the further side of the bed. His pistol unfortunately was in his trunk, and not even a shoe-knife was at hand. As a last resort, he tried to pray, but he

could only think of "Now I lay me down to sleep," which he knew was decidedly out of place on the present occasion. He was giving way to despair, when a happy idea struck him—he'd make an ugly face at the bear; so, blanketless and shivering as he was, he struck an attitude, looking the bear full in the face. Bruin couldn't stand it long, and after one look of wonder, he turned tail to vacate the premises. The victor breathed more freely, secured his door, and devoutly thanked his Maker for the gift of making faces. The bear belonged to the museum that was exhibiting in town, and had accidentally got out of his cage. It was recaptured without difficulty, before it had done any real damage.

Official Corruption in Warsaw.

About twelve years ago M. Rosengold, a Jewish tradesman, made known to the higher authorities that the State was systematically robbed by certain employees. In order that the matter might not become public, Rosengold was seized and thrown into prison, where he remained until the amnesty was granted at the coronation of the present Emperor. On his liberation the unfortunate man lost no time in laying his case before the new authorities, and they soon satisfied themselves that he had been infamously treated. By a special ukase the Emperor Alexander has made public the man's innocence, and given orders that certain civic distinctions shall be conferred on him.



FALLS OF THE COSUMNES, FORTY MILES FROM SACRAMENTO CITY, CALIFORNIA.—DRAWN BY T. A. AYRES, ESQ.

NIBLO'S GARDEN, BROADWAY.—The Management respectfully announces an engagement for a limited season with **DAN RICE'S GREAT SHOW.**
THE PERFORMING RHINOCEROS,
AN ELEPHANT WALKING A TIGHT ROPE,
A WALTZING CAMEL, THE COMIC MULES,
DAN RICE, the Humorist and Horse Breaker.
 An afternoon performance every Saturday.
 Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, 50 cents; the tier of Upper Boxes (entrance on Crosby street), 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1; Private Boxes, \$5; Children to Parquette, Dress Circle and Boxes, half price.
ALTERATION OF TIME.—Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE, 622 AND 624 BROADWAY, NEAR HOUSTON STREET.
 Miss Laura Keene,.....Sole Lessee and Directress.
 Complete success of
 An Original Drama by Wilkie Collins, Esq., entitled
THE LIGHTHOUSE.
 Doors open at 6½; the performance will commence at 7¼ o'clock.
 Dress Circle and Parquette, 50 cents; Balcony Seats, 25 cents; Family Circle, 25 cents; Orchestra Seats, \$1 each; Private Boxes, \$5 and \$7.

WOOD'S BUILDINGS, 561 AND 563 BROADWAY, NEAR PRINCE STREET.
 Proprietor.....Henry Wood.
GEORGE CHRISTY & WOOD'S MINSTRELS respectfully announce to their patrons and the public in general that the above elegant structure is now open under the management of Henry Wood and George Christy, with an entirely new Programme.
 Stage Manager.....Sylvester Bleeker.
 Treasurer.....L. M. Winans.
 Tickets 25 cents, to all parts of the house. Doors open at 6; to commence at 7¼ o'clock precisely.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—New Dramatic Season.
 With an Entirely New and superior Company.
 Every evening at half-past seven o'clock.
 Also, the GRAND AQUARIA, or Ocean and River Gardens; Living Serpents, Happy Family, &c. &c.
 Admission, 25 cents; Children under ten, 13 cents.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 30, 1858.

NEW NOTICE!

Renewal of our Liberal Offer.

We offered as an inducement to subscribers, to give

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE

AND

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

BOTH

For Four Dollars.

We then fixed the date to the 1st of January, 1858, but we are induced by the unexpected favor with which our offer has been received to

EXTEND THE DATE TO MARCH 1ST, 1858.

All those, therefore, who wish to take

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

AND

NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE,

BOTH

For Four Dollars,

will send to this Office before the 1st of March, 1858.

The two are entirely distinct in the character of their literature and the subject of their engravings. Together they form an amount of reading matter equal to three thousand Imperial Octavo pages; while the number of engravings, nearly all of them original, designed and cut by the best artists in the city, is very nearly two thousand. Remember the offer, dear reader, three thousand pages of splendid reading matter and two thousand fine engravings for Four Dollars per annum.

PREMIUM FOR THE LARGEST LIST OF SUBSCRIBERS.

To induce our friends to work for us and with us, we offer the following liberal Premiums. For the largest list of subscribers to our Magazine or Paper, sent in to us before the 15th of March, 1858, we offer a premium of

\$200.

For the second largest list - - - - - \$100

For the third largest list - - - - - 75

For the fourth largest list - - - - - 50

Those commencing to form lists will advise us of it, and every subscription sent by them will be recorded in their name, and the successful friendly canvassers will receive their Premiums on the 30th of March, or immediately after we publish the result in our columns.

To those who are in earnest the work will be light, for without vanity we may say that both our NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE and our ILLUSTRATED PAPER offer such striking inducements as to need but little labor to recommend them.

Our friends will please address

FRANK LESLIE, 13 Frankfort street, N. Y.

Domestic.

A bill has been introduced into the Senate by Mr. Gwin, the Chairman of the Committee upon the Subject for the Authorizing of the Continuation of a Railroad to the Pacific. The particulars of the bill are as follow: The proposal is to locate the road at some point on the Missouri River between the Big Sioux and the Kansas River, thence running on the most eligible route, to be determined, to San Francisco. Alternate sections on each side of the road are to be granted, and an advance of \$12,500 to be made on the completion of every twenty-five miles of the track, until the whole sum of \$25,000,000 is expended. The amount is to be reimbursed by mail service, transportation of troops, &c. The President is to receive bids and to make the contract for twenty-five years. Of the stock five per cent. is to be issued. A petition signed by the Postmaster of New York and others, has been presented to the House, praying for the appropriation of the public lands, in small quantities, to actual settlers, and remonstrating against the further traffic in or monopoly of said lands.

In the House resolutions were passed authorizing special committees, clothed with full power, to investigate the facts concerning the sale of the Fort Snelling property, and also to investigate whatever charges may be preferred against members and officers of the last House, in connection with the disbursement of \$87,000 of the funds of the Middlesex Manufacturing Company, in aid of the passage of the Tariff act of last year.

A bill was introduced in the Senate, and referred to the Military Committee, to increase the efficiency of the army and marine corps by retiring the disabled officers.

Notice was given of a bill changing the mode of appointing cadets to the West Point Military Academy, and modifying the laws regulating that institution. In the House bills for the pro-

tection of life on board ocean steamers, granting lands to aid in the construction of railroads in California, and for the payment of French spoliation claims, were introduced and referred.

A bill providing for an increase in the army was reported from the Military Committee. The bill proposes to increase the number of men of various regiments, and not the organization of new regiments as recommended by the War Department.

The Homestead bill was reported by the Committee on Public Lands, with a recommendation that it be passed. It was made the special order for the second Monday in February.

Foreign.

By the latest arrival we learn that commercial matters have much improved. The Bank of England has largely increased its bullion, and has reduced its rate of interest to six per cent. There is a considerable improvement in cotton, and consols were quoted at 95½ and 95½. In India the noble and gallant Havelock has fallen a prey to that curse of the country, dysentery. He died six days after the relief of Lucknow, and one day before the Queen bestowed upon him the hereditary title of Baronet. The "Gwalior contingent," 8,000 strong, had repulsed three British regiments, 2,000 in number, but Sir Colin Campbell met them, and completely routed this last organized body of the mutineers, taking all their guns, ammunition, cattle, camp equipments, &c., with a loss on the British side of only one man, and he an officer.

Lord Palmerston's forthcoming India bill will transfer the direct management of the political affairs of India to a Cabinet Minister, who, it is understood, shall be a peer, and in whom all patronage, with one exception, is to be vested. This member of the Cabinet is to be President of a council of six, to whom simply consultative functions are to be entrusted. The European portion of the Indian army is to be greatly augmented, and all regulations regarding it are to emanate from the Horse Guards.

It is stated that the Circassians lately attacked and massacred 1,200 of the Russian garrison of Adekow. At Lisbon, the yellow fever carried off, between the 9th of September and the 24th of December, 4,759 people. The port is now declared healthy. Mdle. Rachel died at her estate in Cannes on the 3d of January. Field-Marshal Radetzky, of Austria, and Redschid Pacha, Grand Vizier of Turkey, are also dead.

The Spanish journals state that no reparation will be made to America for the outrage upon the steamship El Dorado, and look upon the proposition to purchase Cuba as a national insult. The Leviathan steamship is gradually working her way into the Thames. On the evening of the 8th she had only sixty-four feet further to move. By this time in all probability she is afloat.

India.

When the history of the great sepoy mutiny shall be written, the world will acknowledge that its pages teem with more brilliant and daring acts of courage, loyalty, devotion and heroism than have ever been recorded of any single war. We know of no parallel in history where a few thousand men, scattered through a vast country, in the midst of a hostile people, fanatical and superstitious in their religious hate, isolated in small military posts, and cut off from communication with the sources from whence help should come; encumbered with helpless and dependent women and children, and all unprepared for the wild-fire outbreak which in a day sprung up everywhere; we know no parallel in history where such a mere handful of men against millions battled so nobly, endured so fearfully and so faithfully, and finally triumphed so signally and so gloriously.

National prejudices and national jealousy are forgotten while we contemplate the fearful sufferings and hairbreadth risks of the noble women and gallant men, environed as they were by countless hordes of bloody and brutal savages, and we feel a thrill of proud satisfaction as we read of their devotion, endurance and heroic courage, and know that we are of the same race, and recognise in our own people the same glorious elements which have made of every man and woman in India martyrs and heroes.

The wildest fictions fade into insignificance when compared with the real incidents brought to our notice by the Indian mutiny, and our people have waited with a restless eagerness for news from Delhi and Lucknow, second only in its intensity to the agonized excitement of the English people.

The Hydra head of the rebellion may be considered as crushed, but the ultimate pacification of the country and its reduction to order and quiet will be the work of time and wise legislation. A terrible retribution will yet be demanded for the savage and cold-blooded barbarities perpetrated upon the helpless women and children, and fearful will be the reckoning when the day of settlement arrives.

We call the attention of our readers to the poem called "The Relief of Lucknow, or Jessie Brown," which will be found in another column. We make no comments upon its merits. It must be a cold nature that is not moved to tears and excitement by its thrilling and earnest simplicity and intensity.

The Brooklyn Catastrophe.

The public mind has been most naturally excited by the particulars of the burning of the public school in Brooklyn. As almost every family in New York and the neighboring cities has one or more representatives in these institutions, the possibility that a fire may take place and death ensue, creates the most lively emotions of anticipated danger. The Brooklyn catastrophe, thanks to Providence, was not so bad as it might have been; the fire mercifully announced its insidious approach long enough in advance to give time for most of those interested to escape; but, nevertheless, there are circumstances attending this conflagration which demand a careful consideration. In spite of the verdict of the Coroner, that no one is to blame, we hold that it is perfectly apparent that the heating apparatus of the building was lamentably defective, and we learn this fact from the testimony of the very men who wish to leave the impression on the public mind that no moral responsibility rests upon the constructors of those imperfect flues. It is boldly stated that the pipes ran within two inches of the beams, and that the wood work, in one instance at least, was cut away to admit their egress. It is also stated that there were no spaces in many instances around the flues for the admission of cold air; in other words, that the warming apparatus was imperfect, by the admission of the parties introduced to exonerate the contractors who put them in the building.

Parents and others must also remember that this fire occurred at the time the weather was unprecedentedly genial, and that the furnaces have been, at no time this winter, brought to their full heat; had the weather been severe and the furnaces full, it is probable that this fire would have been more rapid in its progress, and, most likely, fatal beyond imagination in its results. The question now is, shall any more imperfect heaters be placed

in our public schools? and in the design of the new building that is to be erected in the place of the one destroyed, cannot some simple contrivance be invented to provide extraordinary means of escape for scholars in case of fire? It would seem to us that false doors, easily opened, might be introduced; in fact, many things, to accomplish the desired object now disregarded or overlooked. One thing is certain, the accident which occurred in Greenwich avenue, some years since, and now this one in Brooklyn, will have a tendency to undermine the popularity of our common school system, unless all immediately interested do not diligently labor to remove the suspicion that our public schools are mere traps, in which the lives of our children are alone dependent upon fortunate circumstances, and not upon well-guarded means, for their safety. The friends of our public school system, we mean the officials, should look to these things.

"Star" Piety.

We perceive that the amusement columns of the dailies are beginning to be agreeably diversified by stunning church advertisements. This is as it ought to be. Why should the carnal avocations which come under the head of Theatrical, monopolise all the media of attraction? As yet, however, the bills of the opposition establishments are somewhat bald and meagre; it is a new path to them, and, consequently, they explore it timidly at first; but, before long, we expect to see the whole array of expletives put under contribution, and "posters" of equal magnitude issued by each institution.

As the Archbishop says in Brougham's "Columbus,"

"Prudence is a cardinal virtue,"

and, inasmuch as the spiritual fraternity has hitherto neglected to avail itself of worldly advantages (everybody knows how badly circumstanced, housed, habited and generally cared for, are all its meek and lowly members), it is high time that the light should be emancipated from the bucket and the superior attractiveness of the new species of entertainment set before the people with due emphasis. Why not let the next announcement read as follows:

UNPARALLELED ATTRACTION.

The religious public is informed that the Deacons, Elders, and Managers of the

CHURCH OF UNLIMITED GRACE,

Intend commencing the ensuing pious season with a

GRAND SERVICE MUSICALE,

For which a number of exemplary professionals, of guaranteed

character, are engaged. The old

ELOQUENT FAVORITES

Are retained, whose Persuasive and Innocuous Demonstrations

have given

UNIVERSAL SATISFACTION,

On every occasion, to

NUMEROUS AND FASHIONABLE AUDIENCES.

The Interior has been re-decorated and the Seats rendered luxu-

riously devotional at a cost of

SEVERAL THOUSAND DOLLARS!

The Officiating Costumes are of the newest and most recherche

design. Amongst the varied and imposing

TRICKS OF THE ARENA,

The wealthy visitors are especially directed to the ease with

which a

REAL LIVE CAMEL

Can be made to enter the Eye of an

ENORMOUS NEEDLE!

N.B. All compromising and indelicate allusions will be rigidly excluded, as also all harsh and unbecoming epithets.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—As this is an exclusive pious proprietary, seedy strangers are entirely inadmissible.

The greatest quiet and decorum will be strictly observed, so that the most restless conscience may remain undisturbed.

Another Original Novelty.

The new local comedy just elaborated by the joint exertions of "The Phantom Club" is to be called

"SCANDAL IN NEW YORK,"

illustrating the habits and manners of the *élite* of our first society. The cast, which is a remarkably strong one, has been submitted to us, in confidence; a trust which our duty to the public alone induces us to violate. It is distributed as follows:

SALTPETRE WEAZLE (an old bachelor, who has married a young wife) - - - - - Mr. Blake.
 ALLOVER SURF (lately arrived from California) - - - - - Mr. Norton.
 CHARLESTON SURF (a fast New Yorker) - - - - - Mr. Lester.
 RECKLESS (his friend, with a convivial ballad) - - - - - Mr. Walcott.
 JOSEPHUS SURF (a member of the church) - - - - - Mr. Dyott.
 OTT ROLEY (vigilance committee-man) - - - - - Mr. Sloane.
 LA TRIPPE (a French Valet, drawn from actual observation) - - - - - Mr. Bourcicault,
 (Author of *Paradise Lost*, *Cesar's Commentaries*, *Antigone*, *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, *Don Quixote*, *The Declaration of Independence* and *Junius's Letters*.)
 SIR BENJAMIN BLOBBER (a distinguished foreigner, with some lines to a steam-engine) - - - - - Mr. Sothern.
 CLAMBUSH (well-known at the Club) - - - - - Mr. Phillips.
 MOSBY (keeper of a funk shop in Chatham street) - - - - - Mr. Holland.
 SNEAK (an informer) - - - - - Mr. Levere.
 HAIDER WEAZLE (a young wife addicted to fashionable follies, with a penchant for innocent flirtation) - - - - - Mrs. Hoey.
 MARIANNE (ward of old Weazle, in love with Charleston) - - - - - Miss Allen.
 MRS. SCANDER (a malicious gossip under the mask of friendship) - - - - - Mrs. Vernon.
 MRS. STEERWELL (a California widow, who does not play her cards to advantage) - - - - - Mrs. Cooke.

Among the principal interesting scenes are the *thé dansante* in the Fifth avenue; the spendthrift's establishment, with red flag hung out; great sale of superior oil paintings; triumph of natural affection over profligacy and wilful extravagance; the affectionate uncle sold, but not his portrait, leading to the greatest effect in the play, brought about through the instrumentality of a simple screen.

N.B.—Here there is expected to be a lapse of several minutes, to enable the enraptured audience to recover from its thrilling surprise and admiration.

GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

WASHINGTON, JANUARY 23, 1858.

We suppose our lovely readers have all heard, with curiosity, of the much celebrated Mr. Bernhisel, member, or rather delegate from Utah Territory, who rejoices in a large plurality of wives, and represents the Mormon interest in Congress. And of course they have pictured him to their mind's eye as a tall, rather good-looking young fellow, with a dashing moustache and ambrosial whiskers, for we give the Utah ladies credit for some taste, and naturally suppose them likely to be captivated by the same attributes that other females admire.

But the reality is very far from corresponding with these fancy sketches. Just imagine a little old man of about sixty, with a shining bald head, and a tuft of foam-white hair on either temple, a pair of keen, glittering eyes that seem afraid to look honestly into your face, and a *tout ensemble* very much reminding you of one of the Polar icebergs, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the Honorable John M. Bernhisel, of Utah.

He is an object of much interest among the fairer population of Washington. Good gracious! we wish the New York ladies could witness the stir and sensation that pervades the crinolines when the spare figure of this modern Bluebeard is seen moving in a leisurely manner up the avenue! Even the gentlemen regard him with a curious, half deferential manner, as if wondering by what magic charm he contrives to manage so many wives, when one proves all sufficient to upset the domestic peace of the great majority of mankind.

This reminds us of a little conversation we chanced to overhear in the House the other morning, when a handsome young member of Congress, who has the bad taste to be still an incorrigible bachelor, was pointing out Mr. Bernhisel to Miss H—, of Massachusetts, one of the loveliest blondes in Washington.

"Dear me!" said the lady, "is that Mr. Bernhisel? Why, how very bald he is! Why don't his wives subscribe and buy him a wig?"

"Oh!" said the brutal Representative, "that's easily accounted for. I've no doubt he started with a very good head of hair originally; but when you remember how many wives he has, its no wonder that he's bald!"

The lady made no reply whatever. We suppose she could not find words expressive enough to convey her indignation at this horrible insinuation, and so she contented herself with a single withering glance. We are quite sure, however, that the gentleman never had better reason for congratulating himself on being a bachelor than at this moment; for had he belonged to the fraternity of Benedicts there's not the least doubt but that his hair would have followed Mr. Bernhisel's in less than no time at all!

But we will waste no more time and space in writing about this celebrated representative of Utah and Mormon-land, when so many pleasanter subjects are waiting to be touched upon. We will rather take our readers with us to Miss Lane's charming Saturday morning reception.

The White House looks even more alluring by daylight than when viewed in the brilliant glow of gas chandeliers. The spacious and luxurious ante-rooms, the long corridors and softly carpeted halls, ornamented with rare pictures, groups of antique statuary and marble busts, have a quiet home-like look lingering about them that more than compensates for the glare of the brilliant levee night.

We proceed to the "blue-room," an elegant apartment of an oval shape, whose tapering reminds one irresistibly of the bright deep blue, fringed with gold, of an Italian sunset. The room is literally lined with flowers; one of the windows is nearly obscured by a giant rhododendron, whose massive branches, shrouded with polished green leaves and clusters of rich crimson blossoms, create a sort of pleasant shadow throughout the apartment. All along the walls are ranged tall Egyptian lilies, with their tongues of downy gold rising from white, scroll-like blossoms, and waxen camellias; while on the centre-table stands a group of rare exotics from the conservatory. In one corner, a large orange tree is the theme of much notice from its luxuriant appearance, and the golden balls of fruit that hang, like lamps, among its boughs.

Miss Lane stands in the middle of the room, smiling, bowing, and enunciating all the soft nothings which are so indispensable in a "morning call." She possesses the most perfect ease of manner—is never at a loss for a word or phrase, and, what is better still, she has the magic art of making all her guests feel completely at home. To-day she is dressed in black flounced silk, trimmed with velvet of the same sombre hue, black kid gloves, and a black velvet head-dress, with long streamers, covered with a perfect shower of little silver drops.

The flowers in which she is embowered form a lucky and acceptable refuge for all embarrassed conversationists, after they have duly discussed the weather, and Miss Lane speaks of them with enthusiasm.

"They are sweet familiar companions to me," she said, smiling, as she glanced towards their perfumed cups, "and I wonder that my predecessors have none of them felt the need of a conservatory."

Most of the guests, after having been presented to the President's niece, and leaving the "blue-room," walked through the conservatories, to admire the rich profusion of tropical blossoms expanding there. Every variety of rare and delicate flower has a place in this collection, and we were informed that whenever large parties were invited to dine at the Presidential mansion, delicate bouquets of exquisitely arranged exotics were always laid on the plates, a beautiful custom, and one that plainly indicates the sweet feminine taste that predominates in the *menage* of the White House.

Mrs. Senator Gwin also receives to-day; her stately mansion is crowded with Congressmen, foreign ministers and distinguished strangers, to say nothing of the splendidly dressed ladies who throng the rooms. Mrs. Gwin's manners are eminently graceful and cordial, and her great beauty adds to the agreeable impression she makes.

Senator Douglas's mansion is thrown open also to the fashionable world this morning. You pass through an array of liveried black men in shining buttons and white gloves, who receive your card on a silver salver, throw open the doors and close them noiselessly behind you; and enter the gorgeous saloons, where Mrs. Douglas, the very embodiment of imperial loveliness, is dispensing gracious looks and words to her crowds of admirers. She is dressed very simply—a rich blue silk with graduated rows of black velvet on the sides—a thread lace collar, and a broad blue ribbon around the waist. Not a single ornament decks her magnificent hair, whose rich massive waves of black are gathered into a Grecian roll low in the back behind.

Perhaps a slight description of this famous Washington belle and beauty—who first, as Miss Ada Cutts, and now as Mrs. Douglas, is so well known to fame—may be appropriate here. Her features are classically regular—with a straight Grecian nose, exquisitely chiselled lips and chin, and ears like little pearly shells. Her eyebrows are perfect arches, and pencilled with the most minute accuracy, while long lashes half conceal her deep lustrous hazel eyes. The only fault that can be found in her beauty is its lack of expression when in repose. At such times she reminds you of some beautiful statue; but when any sudden emotion stirs her heart, the eyes light up, the radiant lips break into smiles, and you are ready to bow, fairly conquered, at the shrine of her loveliness.

A plain yet rich carriage makes its way rapidly through the throngs of equipages, and drives up to the door—there is a murmur of recognition among the guests, and Lady Napier enters the room. Her face is eminently sweet and interesting, and there is the most perfect grace and self-possession in her manner as she exchanges a few smiling sentences with Mrs. Douglas. Her dress is a rich black velvet, whose soft folds trail nearly a foot on the ground, and a cape of exquisite ermine, a white silk hat trimmed with sprays of delicate lily-bells and white kid gloves, complete her attire.

Her son is with her, a boy of about thirteen, who gives his arm to her, and enacts the part of *prenz chevalier* with precocious ease and dignity, while she walks through the rooms, examining the rare old pictures, costly bronzes, and Italian souvenirs with which the elegant apartments are crowded. It is easy to detect her critical taste, for she often pauses to examine some gem of foreign art through her eyeglasses, and to look admiringly on mosaic tables and groups in marble and alabaster!

On Tuesday evening an event came off which has been eagerly

anticipated for some time among the *crème de la crème* of the Washington elite—Mrs. Douglas's ball. Many rumors had been afloat of the enormous expense that was to be lavished, and the extensive preparations on foot, but the reality even exceeded the reports.

The ladies will, of course, be curious to hear about the attire, ornaments and general appearance of the Washington belles and beaux, and we intend to satisfy this laudable desire for information as far as lies in our power.

Mrs. Douglas, the beautiful hostess, was attired in a heavy robe silk of white and blue, each flounce finished with blue fringe, while her exquisite arms were loaded with costly bracelets. Her hair, laid in three wide flat braids and looped at the back of her head, was adorned simply with two white camellias on either side. Mrs. P—, of Ohio, a star of no ordinary magnitude in the national constellation, was in white silk, with a profusion of tiny scarlet blossoms in her glossy black tresses. Among the other guests were Mrs. S—, of Louisiana, in crimson velvet, with white plumes in her hair. Mrs. G—, of California, in white *moire antique*, with a *berthe* of Honiton, and a coiffure of white roses. Miss M— (a guest of the fair hostess), in a double skirt of white lace, whose innumerable small tufts and puffs gave it the appearance of a light cloud. Mrs. S—, of Ohio, in white silk, with an exquisite head-dress of scarlet geranium leaves and blossoms. Mrs. W—, of Michigan, in a delicate robe silk of green and white, with crimson camellias in her hair, and Mrs. G—, of New York, in pearl colored silk, with white camellias in her dark tresses.

Miss —, who was escorted by one of the Prussian embassy, attracted much homage, from her resemblance to the Empress Eugenie. It is seldom that we see such bright golden hair, or such a roseleaf complexion among American beauties; and Miss D—, of Kentucky, in pink *moire*, with point lace *berthe* and diamond necklace, was scarcely less beautiful.

But the prettiest costume there was that of Mrs. Senator C—, of Michigan; it was white lace, in three flounces over pink silk. Each flounce was embroidered (by hand) in a delicate and elaborate vine of white *dosa* silk, with clusters of roses and green leaves—each rose being made of lifelike folds of bright pink crepe, laid exactly to represent the petals of a living flower. The leaves were embroidered in different shades of green, and at a short distance it was impossible to tell that they were not natural sprays. A superb necklace of pearls, with bracelets and ear-rings to correspond, was worn with this gorgeous dress; and a wreath of rosebuds passed across the head, and mingled in half-open blossoms with the hair behind.

Among the gentlemen, the quiet and dignified Lord Napier, distinguished by his Roman profile, iron-gray hair and white cravat, moved quietly around, the very *beau ideal* of a modest, unassuming English gentleman. Senator Douglas himself was one of the lions of the evening, full of sparkling repartee and brilliant *bon mots*; while Cabinet officers, foreign ambassadors, venerable statesmen, senators and representatives were continually exchanging lively remarks, as they engineered their fair companions through the crowd.

Two thousand people were there, and the dancing festivities, &c., were kept up till three o'clock in the morning, when all separated, equally delighted with themselves and their entertainers. This party is pronounced one of the great successes of the season.

We would mention, for the benefit of our lady readers, that the empire of "hoops" is more absolute and undivided than ever here, and that the Washington fair ones even rival their New York sisterhood in the expansion of their crinolines. Black and scarlet peasant petticoats are becoming the rage also, and everybody is inquiring where they are to be had. The Washington States, in reply to innumerable queries on the subject, refers its readers to Douglas & Sherwood, the skirt manufacturers of New York, with the pithy remark that they are to be got there, if anywhere in the world. Little "polka basques," not more than a few inches in depth, and pointed behind and before, and on the hips, are also beginning to be much worn here.

Messrs. Bangs Brothers & Co. had a sale last week of curious old autographs, but the aged articles met with little honor, for the letters, &c., brought but miserable prices. An autograph letter of King Henry VII., of England, brought \$2; the Duke of Wellington's autograph, 75 cents; and Lords North and Brougham's 50 cents each.

The Light Guard met last week to elect a captain, that office being vacant by the resignation of Captain Edward Vincent. The unanimous voice fell upon John R. Garland, Esq., whose military education, received at West Point, admirably fits him for the responsible post.

The New York Academy of Medicine have elected Drs. J. H. Griscom, E. H. Parker, Elisha Harris, J. McNulty and J. M. Sims, as delegates to attend the State Annual Medical Convention in February. The learned body meets this year in Albany.

The report which went the round of the papers that the profits of the work about to be published by Miss A. M. Andrews were to be applied to the relief of Mrs. Woodie, widow of the Mayor of Norfolk, who died during the yellow fever epidemic, is entirely without foundation—Mrs. Woodie being in a position which renders pecuniary assistance unnecessary.

Thomas Washington Smith, who murdered Mr. Carter in Philadelphia, has been acquitted on the plea of insanity. He was surrendered to the charge of his sister.

A delegation from the 5th Regiment of New York, Washington Grays, visited Boston last week. They were nobly received by the 2d Regiment of that city.

Our City Fathers are decorating the City Hall. The cupola is being painted, and also the room of the Clerk of the Common Council and the Council Chamber.

The annual Ball of the Hoboken Model Yacht Club was given at Odd Fellows' Hall, in Hoboken, on the 15th inst. It was graced by a large number of elegantly dressed and beautiful ladies; the other Yacht Clubs were well represented, together with many invited guests. Altogether it was a brilliant assembly, and the dancing, to the admirable music of Dodelworth's Band, was kept up with spirit until a very early hour in the morning. The decorations of the ball-room were in admirable taste, consisting of flags and yacht models, very tastefully arranged. During the evening the whole company partook of an elegant supper, which was upon the most liberal scale, and seemed to be keenly relished by all. The healths of the present officers of the Club—Commodore Barker, Vice Commodore H. J. Byrom, and William T. Cushing—were drunk with great cordiality. The members of the Hoboken Model Yacht Club were dressed in their beautiful regulation uniform, and it would be difficult to find a party of finer or more gentlemanly young men—at least so say the ladies. If they are as successful in their regattas as they are on the floor of the ball-room, they will outstrip all rivalry.

The French Minister, M. le Comte de Sartiges, entertained Gen. Scott and a large circle of distinguished friends at dinner last week.

Lord Napier, the British Minister, gave a grand ball in honor of the marriage of the Princess Royal of England, on the 25th inst.

The movement which has led to the reduction of the Williamsburg ferries to one cent has proved very popular. The Peck slip and the South Fourth street ferries are reaping a rich harvest, while the Fulton ferries and the Brooklyn city railroad cars are suffering severely from the competition.

The new consul to Revel, Russia, Brook B. Williams, of Georgetown, D.C., is the brother of Madame Bodine, and was appointed, it is said, solely at the request of Madame B., who wants a "protector." She has become a Russian subject, and her children are in the employ of the Czar.

A man named John B. Richards was discovered in the act of beating his wife most brutally. When the policeman entered, the villain fired a pistol at him. The ball passed through his over and undercoat; but, fortunately, it took a direction between his legs, and consequently, did no harm. The man, it seemed, had become half for a friend, who ran off and left him to pay the amount. In this trouble he went on a spree, and came home to abuse his wife. The poor woman lies in a very critical condition.

Gov. K. has commuted the sentence of death upon the lad John Cummings, convicted of the murder of Frederick Stampf, to imprisonment for life.

Mr. Russell, of Detroit, who has been missing for some time, has at length been discovered. He went on board the steamship America at Boston, and, while on the passage out, was discovered to be in a deranged state of mind. He was detained at Liverpool and would be sent for by his friends.

The Hon. Edward Everett delivered his Washington Oration at the Academy of Music, New York, on the 21st inst. The vast building was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the address was received with evidence of the warmest admiration and delight.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Change in the French Morning Costume. Toilet a la Osborne. How Madame de P. W— proves to the Emperor that her Ankles are well turned.

THE surprise occasioned by the simplicity of costume adopted at St. Cloud has given rise to some laughable stories, amongst which that of Madame P. W— has had the *retentissement*. This lady, whose official position about the court enables her in general to be quite au courant to the habits of life pursued there, having been for some time indisposed, and having missed, therefore, the invitation at Compiègne, repaired to St. Cloud full of the old traditions, and appeared at the first breakfast after her arrival in the morning costume—hitherto *d'usage*—robe a disposition, jewelled buttons, point d'Alençon collar and cap, with all the accessory brooches, rings and bracelets, so much worn of late. It was, therefore, in this traditional costume, that Madame de P. W—, on entering the waiting-room, found the ladies in attendance already assembled; and what was her astonishment to be told the change which a few short weeks had made in their appearance! Woolen petticoats, half-boots, no crinolines, hair a la *pain de Paris*; English from top to toe! What could such a change possibly mean? The Empress, as usual, all affability and good breeding, occupied herself with setting her guest at ease as much as possible, and, by her marked attentions, to prevent her experiencing any needless embarrassment; but the Emperor, in merry mood—glad to find an opportunity of pointing out, by comparison, the ridicule of his aversion to crinolines—could not refrain from certain sly jokes and allusions which none but the embarrassed lady understood. At length, when the repast was over, *poussé a bout*, as Madame de P. W— declares to have been, unable to contain her feelings any longer, she begged permission to speak with his Majesty for a few minutes in private. Having retired with him into the embrasure of one of the windows, she begged him, with tears in her eyes, to tell her whether she had not made herself irretrievably ridiculous by her appearance that morning, and whether she might be allowed to return to Paris without offence. The Emperor, although vastly enjoying the joke, endeavored to soothe her to the best of his power, and assured her that the Empress would be in no wise annoyed at the ignorance, resulting from illness, which she had displayed in her costume. "And d'ailleurs," added he, gaily, "*chacun est libre*, and these short petticoats and jaunty jackets are all well enough for Madame de Pierre and Madame Agnès, and those ladies who are endowed with trim ankles and slim waists, but—" "Hold, sire," exclaimed the lady, roused to self-defence by the covert accusation, "I own to the increase of my waist of late years, but I assure you that no lady present can beat me in the delicate slenderness of my ankle." And suiting the action to the word, the good, honest lady seized the vast roundness of crinolines in both hands, raised it high above her ankle, and displayed, according to promise, the nearest little foot and *bas de jambe* in the world. The utter astonishment of the ladies present, who, gathered in a knot round the Empress in a distant corner of the room, had not been able to catch a single word of Madame de P. W—'s discourse, may be readily imagined. The exclamation she had uttered, the rustle of the silk dress, and the agile manner in which, despite of her usually grave deportment, she had spun round, the uncontrolled laughter of the Emperor at the simplicity of his old friend, and the bewilderment of the bystanders, can be more readily imagined than described. By the next morning Madame de P. W— was completely invested with the true Osborne style of costume, and the Emperor replaced by his compliments the keen suspicions which had evidently cut to the lady's soul the day before.

Thou-Tat; or, the Artist and the Financier. How a Wealthy Financier paid Ten Thousand Francs for the Legs of a Minister of State.

A laughable incident is just now diverting the section of Parisian society occupied by the *haut finance*. A certain grand bonnet (indeed the largest of all) in the financial world, being anxious to possess the portraits of the various members of the ministry, had ordered of a celebrated painter the portrait of Abatucci, to complete the collection. The portrait was ordered to be full length, the size of life, "not too highly finished, *mais présentable*," the price to be twenty thousand francs. The picture had excited the greatest apparent interest in the mind of the financier, and his visits to the painter's atelier had been most assiduous, as there were several reasons existing why he wished to play the sage to M. Abatucci, and gain his confidence in matters connected with the prospects of the State. Meanwhile, the death of Abatucci puts an end to the interest expressed by the financier, as well as to his visits to the painter's studio.

Well knowing the character of the man he had to deal with, the artist, on hearing of the minister's illness, had exerted himself tenfold to forward the picture as much as possible. As soon as the news of the death of his quondam friend had reached the financier, he wrote to the artist to discontinue the painting, and that payment should be made for what was executed. The artist immediately replied that the picture being a full length, no diminution of price could be accepted. Thereupon the financier, with that happy intuition of the arts which distinguishes the race of *boursicodiers* in general, hastened to reply, that to avoid expense, the painter might cut the portrait in the middle, and thus, by the avoidance of half the time and trouble, reduce the expense by one half likewise. To this arrangement the wag of a painter consented, upon receipt of a draft for the money he immediately dispatched the painting, packed carefully, to the splendid hotel upon which the financier has just entered in possession. The new dining-room being just complete, of gold and crimson, with much carving and bas-reliefs, the pictures were next to be thought of amongst the decorations, for this *salle a manger* is to be called the *salle des ministres*, and to be adorned with the very collection of portraits of which that of Abatucci was to form the ornament.

On Monday the various cases containing the bran new paintings were all unpacked, and judge of the consternation of the financier on beholding, unveiled, the half-length of Abatucci—the legs and feet alone remained upon the canvas. The artist had acted up to the letter of the *boursicodier's* orders, and had cut the picture in half for the half price, but he defies the painter to prove that he told him which half of the picture he wished to be dispatched to his house. And thus the legs and feet of Abatucci—the knee breeches, silk stockings, red buckled shoes, and silver buckles, all of them beautifully painted and highly finished, still remain leaning against the wall in the *salle des ministres*, to serve as a warning to all *boursicodiers* not to engage in a war of francs and centimes against any member of the wittiest class in Paris. The ablest lawyer in Paris has pronounced that there is no redress for the owner of the picture, and for the five hundred franc note paid him for the counsel, can only advise the poor *boursicodier* to pocket the affront and say nothing more about it.

MUSIC.

THE close of the Ulman operatic campaign leaves us literally, without any musical excitement. We are told that the three or four closing nights yielded the management nearly sixteen thousand dollars. If there is any truth in the statement, we believe that the speculation has been a paying one. We rejoice at this, for it is an earnest that vigorous management and frequent changes of entertainment will attract every class of pleasure-seekers, and make up an aggregate that will result in a liberal profit to the managers. We are promised by Mr. Ulman another operatic season, when his artists have finished their campaign in Philadelphia.

THE MARITIME OPERA COMPANY.—This efficient operatic company will shortly leave Havana for New York. No great has been their success that four brilliant subscription seasons have been given, and the Habaneros, if they could retain their services, would gladly arrange for a fifth season. Report says that there has never been so brilliant and successful an operatic season in Havana as the one now drawing to a close under the management of Mr. Maretsch. The company propose to leave Havana about the 31st of this month, and will be here somewhere about the middle of February. We are not yet positively informed as to their future movements, but we feel assured that we shall have them in New York this spring.

DRAMA.

LAURA KEENE'S THEATRE.—Mr. Wilkie Collins' new drama, "The Light House," which was originally performed with Charles Dickens as its hero, was produced last week by Miss Laura Keene. It has met with decided success, and the usual amount of opposing criticism. All the writers, however, agree upon one point, and that is, its startling and striking interest and incident. The language is excellent throughout, the characters well drawn and sustained, and the plot exciting and attractive and well worked up. It is admirably acted by Miss Laura Keene, Mr. Thompson, Mr. Wheatleigh, and Mr. Burnett, and is put upon the stage in a style which excites general admiration. It is a drama well worth seeing, and should have a large and successful run. The drop curtains, painted by Hawthorne, is a charming work of art, and the music, so cleverly arranged by Thomas Baker and so well played by his orchestra, is especially worthy of notice.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Whichever way the wheel of fortune may turn, it always lands Mr. Niblo upon his legs. The Ravels, who crowded his Garden night after night for a period almost fabulous, have left him for a time; but he has supplied their place with an attraction that promises to equal the painter's season of that celebrated family. Dan Rice, the manager and humorist of the ring, with his extraordinary horse and wild animals, has for the two past weeks attracted brilliant and crowded audiences. It is impossible to enumerate a title of the remarkable and wonderful feats performed by his troupe and his animals, every night in the arena at Niblo's Garden. Suffice it to say that New York has rarely been favored with such extraordinary and interesting performances, and that we can commend them to the notice of our readers in the warmest terms.

BARRETT'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.—The management of this popular place of amusement has made a theatrical "ten strike," by the production of the stirring American drama, "The Pioneer Patriot." It seems to have aroused the spirit and enthusiasm of our citizens, for the elegant lecture-room of the Museum has been crowded to overflowing every night of its performance. It is so well acted and so finely produced, and its sentiment is so truly national, that we do not wonder at its success or at the loud bursts of enthusiastic applause which greet it on every representation. The beautiful Aquaria and the countless interesting curiosities of the Museum are on exhibition night and day.

Good Work and Good Material.

An old lady who recently died at Portsmouth, N. H., left us a relic of the better work of olden time, a pair of shoes in a state of good preservation, which she had worn for the last forty years.

MONUMENT TO PRESIDENT MADISON.

SINCE his death and burial in 1836, the mortal remains of Ex-President Madison have been quietly reposing at Montpelier, in Orange county, Virginia, undisturbed by monument of any kind. Only tradition pointed out the mound of earth which marked the last resting-place of the great statesman. Several attempts to raise the necessary funds for a suitable monument to his memory failed, until some patriotic gentlemen of the vicinity, some months since, liberally advanced the money, and caused to be erected, on the 16th ult., at Montpelier, a structure which possesses all the elements of strength, dignity and permanence.

The monument is constructed of James River granite. It is in form a simple obelisk. It is put together in seven pieces of massive stone, one of which is thirteen feet long, and another five feet by seven, weighing nine thousand pounds. The obelisk is twenty-two feet and six inches high, and weighs thirty-two thousand pounds. The foundation being raised, the whole structure attains an elevation of twenty-four feet above the burying-ground. About nine feet from the base is chiselled this simple inscription:

MADISON,
Born March 16, 1751
Died June 28, 1836.

The appearance of the work will please every beholder. It is simple, substantial and graceful, and in strict keeping with the quiet of the country burial-place, and the modest but great character of the man whose grave it marks. A more pretentious pile would have been out of character with the man, and the retired, unfrequented place of his birth and death. All that was desirable was a structure to point out the place where his remains are to repose for ever.

The monument is from the establishment of John W. Davies, of Richmond, and cost above seven hundred dollars, which, we believe, does not fully compensate the builder.

In digging for a suitable foundation, it became necessary to go below the coffin, which was consequently exposed to view. The boards placed above the coffin had decayed, but no earth had fallen in upon it, and everything appeared to be as when the coffin was deposited there, except that the coffin-lid was slightly out of place, allowing a partial view of the interior. As there were no fastenings to prevent, the part of the lid covering the superior portion of the body was raised, and several gentlemen present looked in upon the remains of the great Virginian. The coffin itself, of black walnut, was in perfect preservation, and the interior was nearly filled with a species of moss, which adhered pertinaciously to the wood. Beneath this, and partially hidden by it, were a few of the larger and harder bones. The lower jaw had fallen away, the bones of the breast and the ribs were gone, and the only parts of the skeleton which remained were the skull and portions of the cheek bones, the vertebrae of the neck, the spine and the large bones of the arms. All else of the upper part of the body had returned to the dust from whence it was taken, and in a few years more every trace of the body will disappear, until the trump of resurrection shall reunite the scattered particles. The body had been interred just twenty-one years.

On reaching sufficiently firm ground, the foundation was commenced and built as two walls, one on either side of the coffin, until a proper height was gained, when it was arched over the coffin, and then built up solidly to the surface, thus forming a vault, within which rest the remains of Madison, and precisely beneath the centre of the monument. The foundation was made of hard surface stone, gathered on the Montpelier farm from within a short distance of the graveyard.

RANDOM REMINISCENCES.

By J. B.

THE BOOK OF BEARDS.

MR. MACREADY'S travelling escort consisted of two very important individuals. Mr. Ryder, a very fine performer, whose talent, although somewhat dimmed here in the full blaze of the great luminary, has been since acknowledged and appreciated at the Princess's Theatre, in London, whose peculiar duty it was to represent the aforesaid histrionic celebrity at the preliminary rehearsals, and thereby take the rough edge off the actual work, his province being to mark the individual spot on the stage that each subordinate was to occupy, and woe upon his devoted head if he failed in a single plank.

The other no less essential personage was the indispensable and ubiquitous Thompson, dresser, messenger, valet, and body slave generally; and a singularly taciturn, devoted, many-fingered genius he was. The tornadoes of abuse and anathemas which he would silently endure—for the slightest forgetfulness upon even the veriest trifles connected with his toilet would be sufficient to cast the eminent tragedian into a tempest of invective, mere *brutum fulmen*, as Thompson well knew, but sufficiently appalling to the uninitiated.

Upon one occasion—it was at Boston during Macready's engagement at the Howard Athenæum—he had just commenced leisurely to transform his identity into that of "King Lear." He always judiciously allowed himself plenty of time for accidental contingencies. Upon coming to a certain point in his preparation poor Thompson was startled by an unearthly yell proceeding from the "half made up" monarch, who instantly collapsed and sank prostrate in his chair, the expression on his face indicating that despair had set its seal upon his destiny for ever. Thompson, who was really attached to him, rushed forward to his assistance, naturally imagining that he was stricken with some fearful malady. But with a scowl of indignation the other turned him off, and starting up hurled a rapid and almost unintelligible dictionary of opprobrious epithets against him with curious volubility. Such an amusing admixture of feeble profanity and wordy abuse could hardly be conceived as he vomited forth upon the head of his trembling assistant. At last from sheer exhaustion he refrained, and Thompson ventured mildly to inquire what was amiss.

"What's amiss, you unmitigated brute, you—you intentionally forgetful and uncompromising, wretched, brainless beast? Can't you look? Don't you see?"

Thompson accordingly did look, but he did not see. In a perfect maze of bewilderment, rendered worse by the pantomime of crushed hopes in the meantime indulged in by the irate tragedian, he rummaged and displaced the dressing materials, trying to cudgel his brain—but to no use. At length he contrived to stammer out,



MONUMENT TO PRESIDENT MADISON, ERRECTED AT MONTPELIER, VA.

"Have I forgotten anything, sir?"
"Forgotten anything!" echoed the other, in tones whose suppressed emotion evinced the calmness of a fixed despair. "Just listen to that, and say would I not be justified in ridding the earth of such a—a voluminous and irretrievable monster? What—oh, what have I done on earth that must be atoned for by enduring the abominable presence of this atrocious and unmerciful villain?" Then suddenly starting up, he pointed at him like an incarnate Fate, while with a look of annihilation, and in a voice where the deepest sense of inquiry contended with the desire to destroy the delinquent utterly, ejaculated,

"Where is my Book of Beards?"
That was enough for Thompson; his crime smote him like a thunderbolt, and off he started to the Revere House for the important volume.

The temper-trying and sorely-exercised tragedian had hardly time to mentally register a fresh series of curses against his neglectful servant, when he was back again, blowing like an overdriven omnibus horse from the violence of the exertion. Without a single word in extenuation of his grievous fault, he laid down the "Book," and retired into a corner to regain his breath, when the storm broke out afresh, and with still greater violence.

"Oh! you—you inscrutable, interminable, perpetually-torturing, inconceivably-unnatural wretch," jerked out the tragedian in broken sentences. "You infernal elaboration of diabolical perversity, did I not tell your friends when I took you out here with me—you super-stultified beast—that I would look after your health, and now, notwithstanding all my protestations, you go out on such a night as this—confound your incomprehensible soul—without an overcoat!"

**DAVENPORT DUNN:
A MAN OF OUR DAY.**

By Charles Lever.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "JACK HINTON," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

THESE were his thoughts as he entered the room where Sybella Kellett was standing near the fire. She had taken off her bonnet, and as her long hair fell down, and her dripping clothes clung to her, the picture of poverty and destitution her appearance conveyed revolted against the sentiment which had so lately filled him, and it was with a voice of gentle meaning he asked her to be seated.

"Can you tell me of my father, sir?" said she, eagerly, and not heeding his words; "he left home early this morning, and has never returned."

"I can tell you everything, Miss Kellett," said he, in a kind

voice. "It will re-assure you at once when I say he is well. Before this he is at home again."

The young girl clasped her hands closely, and her pale lips murmured some faint words.

"In a moment of excitement this morning he said something to offend the court. It was an emergency to try a calmer temper, perhaps, than his; indeed, he ought not to have been there; at all events, he was betrayed into expressions which could not be passed over in mere silence, and he was committed—"

"To prison?" said she faintly.

"Yes; he was taken into custody, but only for a few hours. I obtained his liberation soon after the court rose. The difficulty was to make him accept of his liberation. Far from having calmed down, his passion had only increased, and it was only after much entreaty that he consented to leave the gaol and come here with me. In fact, it was under the pretence of drawing up a formal protest against his arrest that he did come, and he has been employed in this manner till about an hour ago, when one of my clerks took charge of him to convey him home. A little quietness and a little rest will restore him perfectly, however, and I have no doubt to-morrow or next day will leave no trace of this excitement."

"You have been most kind," said she, rising, "and I am very grateful for it. We owe much to you already, and this last but increases the debt."

Dunn stood silently contemplating her, as she replaced her bonnet and prepared for the road. At last he said, "Have you come all this way on foot and alone?"

"On foot, but not alone; a comrade of my brother's, a fellow-soldier of his, kindly gave me his escort. He is waiting for me without."

"Oh, then, the adventure has had its compensation to a certain degree," said Dunn, with a smile of rally.

"Either I do not understand you, or you mistake me, which is it?" said she, boldly.

"My dear young lady," said Dunn hastily, "do not let me offend you. There is everything in what you have done this night to secure your respect and esteem. We live in a time when there is wonderfully little of personal devotion; and common-place men like myself may well misjudge its sacrifices."

"And yet it is precisely from you I should have expected the reverse. If great minds are tainted with littleness, where are we to look for high and noble sentiments?" She moved towards the door as she spoke, and Dunn, anticipating her, said,

"Do not go for a moment; let me offer you some refreshment, even a glass of wine. Well, then, your friend? It is scarcely courteous to leave him outside in such weather."

"Pray forgive me for not accepting your offer; but I am impatient to be at home again. My father, too, will be distressed at my absence."

"But I will send my carriage with you; you shall not walk," said he, ringing the bell.

"Do not think me ungrateful, but I had rather return as I came. You have no idea, sir, how painfully kindness comes to hearts like ours. A sense of pride sustains us through many a trial; break down this, and we are helpless."

"Is it that you will accept nothing at my hands—even the most common-place of attentions? Well, I'll try if I cannot be more fortunate elsewhere;" and so saying he at once hurried from the room. Before Sybella could well reflect on his words, he was back again, followed by Charles Conway.

"Miss Kellett was disposed to test your Crimean habits again, my good fellow," said Dunn, "by keeping you out there under this terrible rain, and I perceive you have got some rough treatment already;" and he looked at the armless sleeve of his jacket.

"Yes," said Conway, laughing, "a piece of Russian politeness." Few as were the words, the tone and manner of the speaker struck Dunn with astonishment, and he said,

"Have you been long in the service?"

"Some years," was the short reply.

"It's very strange," said Dunn, regarding him fixedly, "but your features are quite familiar to me. You are very like a young officer who cut such a dash here formerly—a spendthrift fellow in a Lancashire regiment."

"Pray don't involve yourself in any difficulty," said Conway, "for, perhaps—indeed I am convinced—you are describing myself."

"Conway, of the Twelfth?"

"The same, at your service—at least, in so far as being ruined and one-armed, means the same with the fellow who had a good fortune and two hands to scatter it."

"I must go. I'm impatient to be away," said Sybella, eagerly.

"Then there is the carriage at the door," said Dunn. "This time I have resolved to have my way;" and he gave her his arm, courteously to conduct her.

"Could you call upon me to-morrow—could you breakfast with me, Mr. Conway?" said Dunn, as he gave him his hand at parting; "my request is connected with a subject of great importance to yourself."

"I'm your man," said Conway, as he followed Sybella into the carriage. And away they drove.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A BREAKFAST TABLE.

WHEN, punctual to the appointed time, Charles Conway presented himself at Mr. Dunn's door, he learned to his astonishment that that gentleman had gone out an hour before to breakfast with the Chief Secretary in the Park.

"But I came by invitation to breakfast with your master," said he.

"Possibly so," said Clowes, scanning the simply-clad soldier before him. "He never mentioned it to me, that's all I know."

Conway stood for a moment, half uncertain what to say, then, with a quiet smile, he said, "Pray tell him that I was here—my name is Conway."

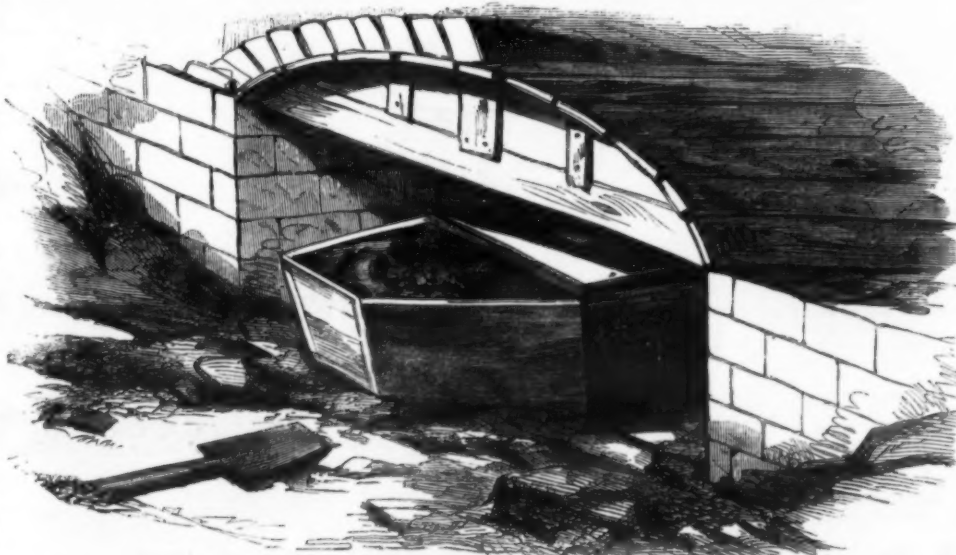
"As to the breakfast part of the matter," said Clowes, who felt "rather struck" by something in the soldier's manner, as he afterwards expressed it, "I'm just about to take mine—you might as well join me."

Conway looked him full in the face—such a stare was it as a man gives when he questions the accuracy of his own senses; a slight flush then rose to his cheek, and his lip curled, and then, with a saucy laugh, that seemed to combat the passing irritation he was suffering, he said, "It's not a bad notion after all; I'm your man."

Now, though Mr. Clowes had anticipated a very different reception to his politeness, he said nothing, but led the way into his sanctum, trusting to the locality and its arrangement to have their due effect upon his guest. Indeed, in this respect he did but fair justice to the comforts around him.

The breakfast-table, placed close to a cheerful fire, was spread with every luxury of that meal. A small spirit lamp burned under a dish of most appetizing cutlets, in the midst of various kinds of bread and different sorts of preserves. The grateful odor of mocha mingled with the purer perfume of fresh flowers, which, although in mid-winter, were never wanting at Mr. Clowes's breakfast-table, while in the centre rose a splendid pineapple, the first of the season, duly offered by the gardener to the grand vizier of Davenport Dunn.

"I can promise you a better breakfast than *he* would have given you," said Clowes, as he motioned his guest to a seat, while he significantly jerked his thumb towards Dunn's study. "He takes tea and dry toast, and he quite forgets to order anything else. He has some crank or other about begin



THE APPEARANCE OF THE VAULT AND REMAINS OF PRESIDENT MADISON, EXPOSED IN DIGGING THE FOUNDATION OF THE MONUMENT.



DAVENPORT DUNN.—A BREAKFAST PARTY.

ning the day with a light meal—quite a mistake—don't you think so?"

"This is not the most favorable moment to make me a convert to that opinion," said Conway, laughing. "I must confess I incline to your side of the controversy."

"There are herrings there," said Clowes, "and a spatch cock coming. 'You see,' continued he, returning to the discussion, 'he overworks—he does too much—taxes his powers beyond their strength—beyond any man's strength;' and here Mr. Clowes threw himself back in his chair, and looked pompously before him, as though to say, 'Even Clowes wouldn't have constitution for what he does. A man must have his natural rest, sir, and his natural support;' and in evidence of the last he relished himself to the Strasburg pâté."

"Your words are wisdom, and washed down with such Bordeaux. I'd like to see who'd gainsay them," said Conway, with a droll twinkle of the eye.

"Better coffee that, I fancy, than you got in the Crimea," said Clowes, pointing to the coffee-pot.

"I suspect Lord Raglan himself never saw such a breakfast as this. May I ask if it be your every day meal?"

"We change slightly with the seasons. Oysters and sauternes suit spring; and then, when summer sets in, we lean towards the subacid fruits and claret cup. Dash your pineapple with a little rum—it's very old, and quite a liqueur."

"This must be a very jolly life of yours," said Conway, as he lighted his cigarette and placed his feet on the fender.

"You'd prefer it to the trenches or the rifle-pits, I suspect," said Clowes, laughing, "and small blame to you. It was out there you lost your arm, I suppose?"

Conway nodded, and puffed on in silence.

"A bad business—a bad business we're making of it all! The Crimea was a mistake; we should have marched direct to Moscow—Moscow, or St. Petersburg—I don't care which."

"Nor should I, if we could get there," said Conway, quietly.

"Get there—and why not? Fifty thousand British bayonets are a match for the world in arms. It is a head we want, sir—capacity to deal with the great questions of strategy. Even you yourself must have remarked that we have no generalship—no guidance—"

"I won't say that," said Conway, quietly. "We're knocking hard at Sebastopol, and all we can say is we haven't found the weak spot yet."

"The weak spot! Why, it's all weak—earth-works, nothing but earth-works! Now, don't tell me that Wellington would have minded earth-works! Ah! we have fallen upon sad times," sighed he, piteously. "Our land commanders say earth-works are impregnable—our admirals say stone walls can't be attacked."

Conway laughed again, and lighted a fresh cigarette.

"And what pension have you for that?" asked Clowes, glancing at the empty sleeve.

"A mere trifle—I can't exactly tell you, for I have not applied for it."

"I would, though; I'd have it out of them, and I'd have whatever I could besides. They'd not give you the Bath—that they keep for gentlemen—"

Conway took his cigar from his lips, and while his cheek burned, he seemed about to reply; then, resuming his smoking, he lay back and said nothing.

"After all," said Clowes, "there must be distinctions of rank. One regrets, one deplores, but can't help it. Look at all the attempts at equality, and see their failures. No, sir, you have your place in the social scale, and I have mine."

Now, when Mr. Clowes had enunciated this sentiment he seemed suddenly to be struck by its severity, for he added, "Not but that every man is respectable in his own rank; don't imagine that I look down upon you."

Conway's eyes opened widely as he stared at him, and he puffed his cigar a little more energetically, but never spoke.

"You've done with the service, I suppose?" said Clowes, after a while.

"I'm afraid so," said Conway, sighing.

"Well, he—and he jerked his thumb towards Dunn's room—"he is the man to help you to something snug. He can give away places every hour of the day. Ay, sir," said he, warming, "he can make anything from an archbishop to a barony constable."

"I rather fear that my capacity for employment might not be found very remarkable. I have idle habits and ways," said Conway, smiling.

"Bad things, my friend, bad things for any man, but especially for a poor one. I myself began life in an humble way—true, I assure you—but with industry, zeal and attention, I am what you see me."

"That is encouraging, certainly," said Conway, gravely.

"It is so, and I mention it for your advantage."

Charles Conway now arose, and threw the half-smoked cigar into the fire. The movement betokened impatience, and sooth to say, he was half angry with himself, for while disposed to laugh at the vanity and conceit of the worthy butler, he still felt that he was his guest, and that such ridicule was ill applied to one whose salt he had eaten.

"You're not going without seeing him?" said Clowes. "He's sure to be in before noon. We are to receive the Harbor Commissioners exactly at twelve."

"I have a call to make, and at some distance off in the country, this morning."

"Well, if I can be of any use to you, just tell me," said Clowes, good-naturedly. "My position here—one of trust and confidence, you may imagine—gives me many an opportunity to serve a friend; and I like you. I was taken with your manner as you came into the hall this morning, and I said so myself, 'There's good stuff in that young fellow, whoever he is.' And I ain't wrong. You have some blood in you, I'll be bound."

"We used to be rather bumptious about family," said Conway, laughing; "but I suspect the world has taught us to get rid of some of our conceits."

"Never mind the world. Pride of birth is a generous prejudice I have never forgotten that my grandfather, on the mother's side, was a drysalter. But can I be of any use to you—that's the question?"

"I'm inclined to think not; though I'm just as grateful to you. Mr. Dunn asked me here this morning, I suspect, to talk over the war with me. Men naturally incline to hear what an eye-witness has to say, and he may have fancied I could have mentioned some new fact, or suggested some new expedient, which, in these days, seems such a fashionable habit, when everybody has his advice to proffer."

"No, no," said Clowes, shaking his head—"it couldn't be that. We have been opposed to this war from the beginning. It was all a mistake—a dead mistake. Aberdeen agreed with us, but we were outvoted. They would have a fight. They said we wanted something to get cotton-spinning out of our blood; and, egad! I suspect they've got it."

"Our views," continued Clowes, pompously, "were either a Peace or a march to St. Petersburg. This French alliance is a rotten thing, sir. That Corsican will double on us. The very first moment any turn of fortune gives France an advantage, he'll make peace, and leave to us all the obloquy of a reluctant assent. That's his view—that's mine, too; and we are seldom mistaken."

"For all that, I wish we were back there again," said Conway. "With every one of its hardships, and they were no trifles, it was a better life than this lounging one I lead now. Tell Mr. Dunn that I was here. Say that I enjoyed your excellent hospitality and pleasant company; and accept my hearty thanks for both." And with a cordial shake of the hand, Conway wished him "Good-by," and departed.

"That's just the class of men we want in our army," said Clowes, as he followed him with his eyes. "A stamp somewhat above the common—a very fine young fellow, too."

In less than a quarter of an hour after Conway's departure, Davenport Dunn's carriage drew up at his door, and Mr. Clowes hastened to receive his master.

"Are they out, sir—are they out?" said he, eagerly, as he followed him into the study.

"Yes," said Dunn; "but everything is still at sixes and sevens. Lord Derby has been sent for, and Lord John sent for, and Lord Palmerston sent for, but nothing decided on—nothing done."

"And how will it end?" asked Clowes, like one waiting for the solution of a difficulty.

"Who has called this morning?" said Dunn, curtly. "Has Lord Glengariff been here?"

"No, sir. Sir Jacob Harris and the Drumsna Directors are all in waiting, and a rather promiscuous lot are in the back parlor. A young soldier, too, was here. He fancied you had asked him to breakfast, and so I made him join mine."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Dunn. "I forgot all about that engagement. How provoking! Can you find out where he is stopping?"

"No. But he's sure to drop in again; I half promised him a sort of protection; and he looks a shrewd sort of fellow, and not likely to neglect his hits."

A strange twinkle shone in Dunn's eyes as he heard this speech, and a queer motion at the angle of his mouth accompanied it, but he never spoke a word.

As for Conway, meanwhile, he was briskly stepping out towards Clontarf, to inquire after poor Kellett, whose state was one to call for much anxiety. To the intense excitement of the morning there had succeeded a dull and apathetic condition, in which he seemed scarcely to notice anything or anybody. A look half weary, half vacant, was in his eye; his head was drooped, and a low muttering

to himself was the only sign he gave of any consciousness whatever. Such was his state when Conway left the cottage late on the night before, with a promise to be back there again early the next morning. Conway saw that the shutters of the little drawing-room were half closed as he entered the garden, and his quiet, cautious knock at the door denoted the fear at his heart. From the window, partly open, came a low, moaning sound, which, as he listened, he discovered to be the sick man's voice.

"He was just asking if you had come," said Bella. "He has been talking of poor Jack, and fancies that you have some tidings of him." And so saying she led him into the house.

Seated before the fire, in a low chair, his hands resting on his knees, and his gaze fixed on the embers, Kellett never turned his head round as they entered, nor did he notice Bella as, in a soft, low voice, she mentioned Conway's name.

"He has come out to see you, dear papa; to sit with you and keep you company, and talk about dear Jack."

"Ay!" said the sick man, in a vague, purposeless tone; and Conway now took a seat at his side, and laid one of his hands over his.

"You are better to-day, Captain Kellett, ain't you?" said, he kindly

"Yes," said he, in the same tone as before.

"And will be still better to-morrow, I trust, and able to come out and take this long walk with me we have so often promised ourselves."

Kellett turned and looked him full in the face. The expression of his features was that of one vainly struggling with some confusion of ideas, and earnestly endeavoring to find his way through difficulties; and a faint, painful sigh at last showed that the attempt was a failure.

"What does this state mean? Is it mere depression, or is it serious illness?" whispered Bella.

"I am not skilful enough to say," replied Conway, cautiously; "but I hope and trust it is only the effect of a shock, and will pass off as it came."

"Ay," said Kellett, in a tone that startled them, and for a moment they fancied he must have overheard them; but one glance at his meaningless features showed that they had no ground for their fears.

"The evil is deeper than that," whispered Bella again. "This cold dew on his forehead, those shiverings that pass over him from time to time, and that look in his eye, such as I have never seen before—all betoken a serious malady. Could you fetch a doctor—some one in whom you place confidence?"

"I do know of one, in whom I have the fullest reliance," said Conway, rising hastily. "I'll go for him at once."

"Lose not a moment, then," said Bella, as she took the place he had just vacated, and placed her hand on her father's, as Conway had done.

Kellett's glance slowly followed Conway to the door, and then turned fully in Bella's face, while, with a voice of a thrilling distinctness, he said, "Too late, darling—too late!"

The tears gushed from Bella's eyes, and her lips trembled, but she never uttered a word, but sat silent and motionless as before.

Kellett's eyes were now bent upon her fixedly, with an expression of deep and affectionate interest; and he slowly drew his hand from beneath hers, and placed his arm around her.

"I wish he was come, darling," said he, at last.

"Who, papa?—the Doctor?" asked Bella.

"The doctor!—no, not the doctor," said he, sighing heavily.

"It is poor Jack you are thinking of?" said she, affectionately.

"Poor, sure enough," muttered he; "we're all poor now." And an inexpressible misery was in his face as he spoke.

Bella wished to speak words of comfort and encouragement; she longed to tell him that she was ready and willing to devote herself to him—that in a little time, and by a little effort on their part, their changed fortunes would cease to fret them—that they would learn to see how much of real happiness can consist with narrow means; but she knew not in what spirit her words might be accepted; a chance phrase, an accidental expression, might jar upon some excited feeling and only irritate where it was meant to soothe, and so she only pressed her lips to his hand and was silent.

The sick man's head gradually declined lower and lower, his breathing grew heavier, and he slept. The long dreary day dragged on its weary hours, and still Sybella sat by her father's side watching and waiting. It was already dusk, when a carriage stopped at the little gate and Conway got out, and was quickly followed by another. "The doctor at last," muttered Sybella, gently moving from her place, and Kellett awoke and looked at him.

Conway had barely time to whisper the name of the physician in Bella's ear, when Sir Maurice Dashwood entered. There was none of the solemn gravity of the learned doctor—none of the catlike stealthiness of the fashionable practitioner in his approach. Sir Maurice advanced like a man entering a drawing-room before a dinner party, easy, confident and affable. He addressed a few words to Miss Kellett, and then placing his chair next her father's, said,

"I hope my old brother officer doesn't forget me. Don't you remember Dashwood of the 43d?"

"The wildest chap in the regiment," muttered Kellett, "though he was the surgeon. Did you know him, sir?"

"I should think I did," said the doctor, smiling; "he was a great chum of yours, wasn't he? You messed together in the Pyrenees for a whole winter."

"A wild chap could never come to any good," went on Kellett, to himself. "I wonder what became of him."

"I can tell you, I think. Meanwhile, let me feel your pulse. No fixed pain here," said he, touching the region of the heart. "Look fully at me. Ah, it is there you feel it," said he, as he touched the other's forehead; "a sense of weight rather than pain, isn't it?"

"It's like lead I feel it," said Kellett, "and when I lay it down I don't think I'll ever be able to lift it up again."

"That you will, and hold it high, too, Kellett," said the doctor, warmly. "You must just follow my counsels for a day or two, and we shall see a great change in you."

"I'll do whatever you bid me, but it's no use, doctor; but I'll do it for her sake there." And the last words were in a whisper.



DAVENPORT DUNN.—PAUL KELLETT'S WARNING.

"That's spoken like yourself, Kellett," said the other, cheerily. "Now let me have pen and ink."

As the doctor sat down to a table, he beckoned Bella to his side, and writing a few words rapidly on the paper before him motioned to her to read them.

She grasped the chair as she read the lines, and it shook beneath her hand, while an a-b-y pallor spread over her features.

"Ask him if I might have a little brandy and water, Bella," said the sick man.

"To be sure you may," said Sir Maurice, "or better still, a glass of claret; and it so happens I have just the wine to suit him. Con- way, come back with me, and I'll give you half a dozen of it."

And is there nothing—is there no— Bella could utter no more, when a warning of the doctor's hand showed that her father's eyes were on her.

"Come here, Bella," said he, in a low tone, "come here to me. There's a pound in my waistcoat-pocket, in my room; put a shilling inside of it, for it's a guinea he ought to have, and gold by rights, if we had it. And tell him we'll send for him if we want to see him again. Do it delicately, darling, so as not to let him know. See, I'm used to these attacks; say they're off! And he never waited for his fee! That's the strangest thing of all." And so he fell a thinking over this curious fact, muttering from time to time to himself, "I never heard of the like before."

(To be continued.)

THE STORY OF ALI, BALI AND KALI.

On the great Arabian desert, from three different points of the compass, three travellers slowly approached one another. Nearer and nearer they came, until presently they joined company. At first there was a moment of suspicion, and all were on their guard. One laid his hand on an old razor, concealed in his girdle; another fumbled in his turban for a shoemaker's awl; and the third, and last, shook his sleeve until the pair of shears hidden there was in his hand. All drew back the mantles that protected their heads from the glaring sun and drifting sand, but had no sooner recognized one another than they set up a great shout of joy, and throwing themselves into each other's arms (as well as their infirmities would allow them), embraced.

Ali, the barber, had but one eye; Bali, the tailor, had but one hand; and Kali, the cobbler, wanted a foot.

"Happy is this day when we meet again!" cried the one-eyed; "pray do you come this side of me, that I may better see you; why, Bali, you are less a hand, an eye, Kali, less a foot. I myself want an eye, and pray let me tell you how I lost it. So let us be seated, and rest awhile, and I will relate to you all concerning my misfortune."

The three then seated themselves, and Ali, the one-eyed barber, commenced: "You know," said he, "I was bred a barber, and that no one worked more diligently, or shaved better in Bagdad, than I did. One unlucky day, a great lord came to me, and wanted his head shaved. I soaped his pate nicely, sharpened my best razor and went to work. One half was done; I caught hold of his nose (as our art dictates) to get at the other side, when, as ill luck would have it, the brush full of lather went into his eye; he roared with pain, and getting into a rage, gave me such a drubbing that, when it was over, one eye was gone. My customers all left me; no one thought a one-eyed man could shave, and I was ruined. Now, a beggar, I am going to Mecca, to try if, by prayer, I cannot assuage Mohammed, and beg for good luck once again in my life."

"I think you miss a hard one, then," said Bali, the one-handed tailor; "now listen to mine. One day there came into my shop a one-eyed man, and ordered a vest. He must have been a great personage, for the garment I was to make was of the most costly kind, such as are worn at the palace. I worked diligently, and when it was finished I took it to his house. He wanted to try it on; he put one arm nicely in, and had got into the other sleeve as far as the elbow, when he yelled with pain. 'Rascal!' he cried, 'villain of a tailor, you have left a needle in the sleeve, and it has pierced my arm; take this, you dog!' and he began to beat me with a big stick, and when it was over, my hand was gone. I could no longer sew; my trade all left me; and now, a poor wretch, I am travelling to the holy city, to implore the great prophet to take away his curse from me."

"It is now my turn—and though your cases are hard, just listen to mine," said Kali, the shoemaker. "This is the way in which I lost my foot. In Bagdad my slippers of yellow Kurdish leather was in great repute. One day there came to me a great lord and ordered a pair of my yellow slippers. I made them myself, and carried them to his house. He put one on—it fitted perfectly; he tried on the other, but it would not go on. Perceiving for the first time that he had but one eye and one arm, and imagining that their loss had made him rather awkward, I told him to give his foot a stamp; he did so, and howled with pain. 'Dog of a cobbler!' he cried, 'you have left a nail in your slipper; and without more ado he caught me up in his arm and threw me out of the window. Some passers-by picked me up, and when I got well one foot was gone. My business went to the dogs; my creditors seized all I had; and now, without a copper, I am hobbling over the desert to the tomb of the great law-giver, to beseech him to grant me fortune."

When Kali had finished all three were silent, and for full half an hour held down their heads. At last, simultaneously, they all burst out with "Oh! where can three such unlucky fellows be found?" and in such a loud tone of voice that a fourth traveller, who had silently drawn near, heard it, and exclaimed, "Who says they are unlucky fellows? For if so, look at me!"

The three jumped up surprised; for they had been so absorbed as not to have heard him approach. Ali, Bali and Kali looked up, and saw a man in rags, with but one eye, one arm, and one leg. "You unlucky!" exclaimed the new comer; "do you compare your situation with mine? I, who am wanting in so many things! What do you say to me, the perfect addition of all your woes? and with it all, I consider myself the luckiest fellow in the world!" and here, with the aid of a long crutch, he tripped about merrily on the sand.

"And how did you manage to be so happy?" they asked.

"I will tell you," said the traveller. "I owe all my good luck to three excellent men—a barber, a tailor and a shoemaker; the first took my eye, the second my arm, and the last my leg. Could I but find them, I would shower blessings on them."

"I had the pleasure of spoiling your eye," said Ali, with a wink.

"Allow me to recommend myself to you as the person who deprived you of an arm," said Bali, with a wave of his arm.

"If I have made you happy by causing the loss of your leg, I am Kali, the shoemaker, at your service," said Kali, and he made a scrape.

"And have I the good fortune to meet you all?" said the traveller. "Then allow me to embrace you!"—and with this, as well as his infirmities would allow, he hugged them all three, and then addressed them as follows:

"Now, listen; my name is Ben-Rouzaum. I was about to be married. The day before the nuptial ceremony I went to you, Ali, to be shaved. You put your brush in my eye, and I lost it. When I presented myself afterwards to the lady she would have nothing to do with me, and married some one else. She turned out to be such a wicked creature, so unfaithful, that her husband, covered with shame, killed himself. It would certainly have been my fate, if not for the good fortune that I had in going to you to get shaved."

"Some time afterwards the sultan sent for me. In order to make myself pleasant to the eyes of the commander of the faithful, I betrothed me to his daughter. You, Bali, made it; a fortunate needle went into my arm—I lost it, and could not go. The sultan had planned a secret expedition to carry on war with a neighboring country, and I was to have been in it. They were all taken prisoners by the enemy, and are now toiling as slaves, under harsh masters. Bali, had it not been for you, what would have been my fate?"

"But to you, Kali, my gratitude knows no bounds. Know that a friend gave a grand feast, there was to be merry-making and dancing, and I was an invited guest. Thinking my old shoes rather worn, I ordered from you a pair of yellow slippers, and surely some good fortune took me to you. There was a nail in one of them, and I threw you out of the window. I could not attend the feast, and lucky was it that I did not, for they danced about so that the floor fell in, and the roof on the top of them, and every soul was killed. Had I gone there, it had been an end of me. In these days I was harsh and hasty; but the loss of my limbs has taught me a lesson—from the want of them I can no longer indulge in those bursts of passion, and am now as docile and quiet as a lamb. Thankful to the great prophet for the kindness he has shown me, and in order to do penance for the misery I have caused to others, I determined on a pilgrimage to Mecca, having sworn not to take off these rags, nor enjoy any of the luxuries of this life, before finding the three preservers of my honor, liberty and life. Though clad so poorly, I have much wealth, more than enough for us all. Will you forgive, and share with me?"

"We have nothing to forgive," they all answered, astonished. "For our carelessness and want of skill, we throw ourselves on your mercy." Here Ali, Kali, Bali, and Ben-Rouzaum turned to the east, and bowed nine times towards the tomb of the great prophet. In order to show their thanks. Just then they descried a cloud of dust in the distance, and soon a band of mounted robbers tore over the sands towards them. Their swift horses soon bore them near the four travellers, for they were eager for plunder; but seeing four such miserable objects, all in tatters, and all so maimed, and not worth a sequin as slaves, with a curse at them for the trouble they had given, and a laugh at them for their sorry appearance, they presently disappeared in the opposite direction.

When they were out of sight, Rouzaum, lifting up his hands to Heaven, cried out, "Another miracle! blessed be Allah! How fortune favors us! If it had not been for our wretched appearance, we should have been robbed and murdered. Now, my friends, the robbers are gone, let us journey on towards Mecca."

Without any accident they arrived at Mecca, kissed the holy stone, and their devotions finished, returned without harm to Bagdad.

Rouzaum purchased a large house, with beautiful gardens; and here indeed Ali, Bali and Kali. They passed their days in the happiest way in the world, and had nothing to do but to enjoy the fruits of their good fortune.

THE officer of the deck on board a man-of-war, asked the man at the wheel, one day, "How does she head?" It was blowing a gale of wind. "South-east," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting to add air to his answer. "You'd better put a few more sails in your answer when you speak to me," said the happy lieutenant. "Ay, ay, sir," returned the witty Irishman. A day or two after, the officer called again. "How does she head now?" "South-east," said the sailor, half asleep and a little weathered, sir, your honor, sir," answered Pat.

CHESS.

Answers to Correspondents.

All communications intended for the Chess department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

IMPORTANT.

We have much pleasure in announcing to our readers, that a highly finished lithograph, containing the likenesses of nearly twenty of the gentlemen who assisted at the First American Chess Congress, held in New York, Nov. 1887, will shortly be published. It will be an exact copy of the masterly photograph by Mr. Brady, an engraving from which appeared at the time in this paper. The dimensions of the picture will be 28 by 22 inches; and the price, plain, \$; colored, \$5. Those of our subscribers who may think fit to send their personal addresses to the Chess Editor of FRANK LESLIE'S, 13 Frankfort street, N. Y., will receive the publisher's circular in return; and we have no doubt that most of the lovers of our noble game will secure a copy of the First Tournament of the American Champions of Chess, both as a memento of past achievements and an incitement for greater victories yet to come.

W. B. M., Charleston.—Your solution of 107, which we give below, is the one intended by the composer, and in justice to our esteemed friend, W. W. K., of St. Louis, we are happy to make amends for our thoughtless behavior. The error originated thus: Having received from a correspondent another solution of 107 (supposed by us a correct one), we decided upon publishing it, with a view of saving our friend the annoyance of a two-solution problem. We may mention, furthermore, our willingness to be "shot at" in the interim, rather than to censure our friend (or any one else) for an obvious problem after its publication. As it is, it resulted in our discomfiture. Let our friends ponder upon this, however, that where we accept one problem, we reject a dozen which contain flaws—no little difficulty to the Editor in discovering. Do our correspondents expect us to be infallible?

M., Boston.—Look at its solution, given this week.

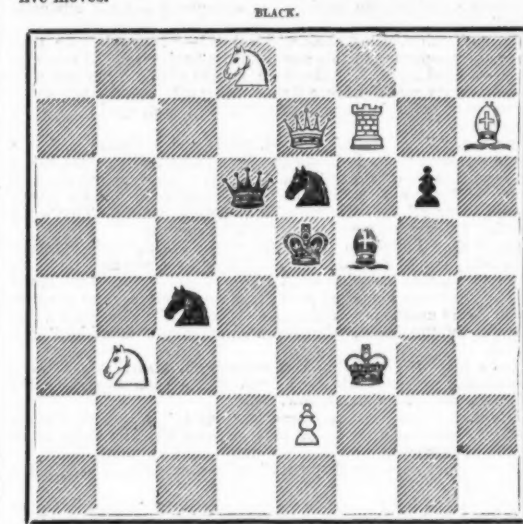
SAGAMORE, LYNN.—We once answered an old correspondent in the following strain: "The word 'Caissa' is only a modern derivative from the Latin, intended by authors to represent the Goddess or Muse of Chess, in imitation of Epic poetry. Many have been led into error as to the signification, supposing that Caissa was the name of a female, traced back to remote ages, as the inventor of that noble game, Chess. This modern mythological term has somewhat fallen into disuse, although we have been guilty of making free with it occasionally." We will endeavor to send those documents soon.

M. W., Bedford; Harr., Amherst College; F. E. D.; Sagamore, Lynn; M., Boston; G. W. B., Waterbury; Dr. C. C. Moore, Minnesota, and others, will please notice that we acknowledge, this week, our error in publishing a wrong solution of 107. Friends, be lenient. You would be if you were to peep in our sanctum. Such a pile!

WE would again remind our readers, that no problem will be examined unless sent us on diagrams.

WANT of space compels us this week to postpone answers to a host of correspondents, among which are—Dunedin; H. R. Murdoch, Stillwater, Minnesota; John R. Burnet, New Jersey; Ferdinand Braunhard, Terre Haute; T. Frère; F. W. Chislett; Alexis, Chicago. From Maine to Georgia, all have been received, gentlemen, and all will be attended to—not forgetting our distant Western friends.

PROBLEM CXI.—(L'ingénieur x-act.)—By J. D., of Portland, Maine. Inscribed to N. Marache. White to play and mate in five moves.



GAME CXI.—(ALLGAIER GAMBIT.)—Played in Moscow, Russia, between the elder Prince GURKUSOFF and an amateur. (From the Chess Player's Chronicle.)

WHITE. Prince.	BLACK. Amateur.	WHITE. Prince.	BLACK. Amateur.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	12 P to Kt 5	Q to Kt 5
2 P to K B 4	P to Kt 4	13 Castles	B to Kt 5
3 Kt to K B 3	P to Kt 4	14 B to K 5 (ch)	K to Kt sq
4 P to K R 4	P to Kt 5	15 Q to Q 3	B to Kt 5 (ch)
5 Kt to K R 5	P to K R 3 (a)	16 B to B 3	K to K R 4
6 Kt to P 3	K to Kt 4	17 Q to Q B 4 (ch)	K to R 2
7 H to Q B 4 (ch) b	P to Q 4	18 R to K B 7 (ch)	K to Kt 3
8 B to P 3 (ch)	K to Kt 2	19 R to K Kt 7 (ch)	K to B 4
9 P to Q 4	K to K B 3	20 R to K B 4 (ch)	K to K 5
10 Kt to Q B 3	B to Kt 5	21 B to K B 6 (dis ch)	K to K 6
11 B to K B 3	B to Kt 5	22 Q to Q 3 mate.	

(a) This move is considered the best by all the authors except the celebrated Ponziani.

(b) This is the coup which constitutes the new attack. The usual move is—7 Q to K 5, 8 Q to K B 3, 9 Q to K B 3.

and the game is in Black's favor. Allgair himself, who has proclaimed his gambit invincible, has not given the move 7 B to Q B 4 (ch); but it has been briefly alluded to by Der Laza, in his "Leitfaden."

ORIGINAL SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to Q 6	Kt to Kt 4 (best)
2 Kt to B 3	Anything
3 Mates.	

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXII. (a)

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to K 6 (ch)	K to K 4
2 B to Kt 3 (ch)	K to Kt 5
3 P to R 4 and claims a Kt (ch)	Q to Kt 5
4 Kt to Q B 5 (ch)	Kt to Kt and mates.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to K 2 (ch)	K to K 4
2 R from K B 4 Kt 5 (ch)	Kt to K 5 (ch)
3 K to R 4 (dis ch)	K to K 3
4 Q to P 3 (ch)	R to Kt 5 and mates.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM CXI.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1 Kt to B 3	P to Kt 4 (best)
2 Kt to Q 6 (ch)	K to B 3
3 P to Q 4 (ch)	K anywhere
4 Q mates.	

(a) It will be remembered that an R instead of a P should be placed on Q Kt 2 in this problem.

THE officer of the deck on board a man-of-war, asked the man at the wheel, one day, "How does she head?" It was blowing a gale of wind. "South-east," replied Pat, touching his hat, but forgetting to add air to his answer. "You'd better put a few more sails in your answer when you speak to me," said the happy lieutenant. "Ay, ay, sir," returned the witty Irishman. A day or two after, the officer called again. "How does she head now?" "South-east," said the sailor, half asleep and a little weathered, sir, your honor, sir," answered Pat.

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

A "GENTLEMAN of refinement and education" advertises in the Auburn American for "board in the room of a small but respectable family," the members of which, he thinks, will be greatly benefited by enjoying the society of one versed in "oil painting, wood engraving and Latin."

A DISTINGUISHED Georgia lawyer says that in his younger days he taught a boy's school, and, requiring his pupils to write compositions, he sometimes received some of a very peculiar sort, of which the following is a sample: "On the Seasons—there is four seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter. They are all pleasant. Some people may like spring best; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death. The end."

DEFINITIONS FROM A POPULAR DICTIONARY.

Life—A time to make money.
Money—The end of life.
Man—A machine to make money.
Woman—A machine to spend it.
Children—Machines to spend it on.
Economy—Buying things because they are cheap, whether you want them or not.

RATHER EXCITED.—The following occurred recently at a church which has, we are told, something of a reputation for its noisy mode of worship. During an evening prayer meeting, one member was praying with much earnestness and an abundance of zeal, rubbing and spitting his hands, shouting at the top of his voice, whilst a number of other members were churning in, endorsing what the praying member said, and joining in the entreaty and supplication by such exclamations as "Yes," "Do, Lord," "Yes, Lord," &c.; the praying member went on with his prayer, growing more and more excited, more animated, more enraptured, more beseeching, supplicating and imploring, saying, "Come down here, Lord—come right down among us—come right here to-night—c me right through the roof!" Another member, equally excited and enthusiastic, and who, it seems, was carried away by the shouting brother, and had the tantrums about as bad, here joined in, and said, "Yes, come, Lord, right down through the roof, and I'll pay for the shingles!"

THE HAUNTING FACE.

When daily cares and thoughts give place
To quickened memories, oft do we
Sudden, unthought of—gleams a face,
Which no one else will ever see.

No space can be within my ken
But there it haps lies in wait;
The shadows veil it in the glen,
The rays reveal it on the height.

Down-gazing in a stream that lies
Unruffled 'neath the placid air,
I meet the light of those deep eyes,
And catch the gleaming of the hair.

Or, as I watch the changing sky,
When fleecy white the blue enshrouds,
That face, as from a casement high,
Looks out through openings of the clouds.

The solid darkness of the night
Around it forms a background deep,
It ever greets me, warm and bright,
Within the vestibule of sleep.

Unthought it comes, unbidden stays;
And yet, all dreamlike though it be,
No actual form that meets my gaze
Has such significance for me.

It tells of years that golden gl'de,
Of joys with no regrets between,
Of life expanded, glorified—
Of other things that might have been.

Fair as of yore, as young, as bright,
So glows it on my vision now,
Years never rob the eyes of light,
Nor leave a shadow on the brow.

Yet not on earth, nor in the skies,
Exists the face that haunts me so,
That shining hair, those beaming eyes,
Faded for ever, long ago.

A HINT FROM LIFE.—"Your father would not have punished you, my child, if you had not used profane language, and swore."

"I know he has been in the habit of it; but he will leave it off now."

"It's a pity he hadn't done it before he taught Bill and me, and we should be saved a darn'd many lickings."

A NARROW ESCAPE.—"Misther! misther! what have you done?" said a little news-boy to a greenhorn who had just tied his horse to a spruce pole, as he thought, on Third street.

"Done!" said the fellow; "what do you mean? I hain't been doin' nothin', as I knows on!"

"Why, yeth you have, thir; you've hitched your hoth to the magnetic telegraph, and you'll be in New York in leth than two minutes, if you don't look out."

The man untied his horse with nervous anxiety, and jumping into his wagon drove hastily down the street.

THE EVIL OF DEAFNESS.—One day, at the table of the late Dr. Pease (Dean of Ivy), just as the cloth was about being removed, the subject of discourse happened to be that of an extraordinary mortality among the lawyers.

"We have lost," said a gentleman, "not less than six eminent barristers in as many months."

The dean, who was quite deaf, rose as his friend finished his remarks, and gave the company grace:

"For this and every other mercy, the Lord's name be praised!"

The effect was irresistible.

A MAGNANIMOUS HUSBAND.—Not long since, a widow, one of those whom we are in the habit of calling well preserved, by name Madame R., yielding to the ardent solicitations of one of the young literary men of Paris, married him. On returning from the church and the mayor's office, the lady took her husband aside, and said to him:

"Pardon me, my dear, for I have deceived you!"

"In what?" said the young man of letters, much troubled.

"Yes, I told you that I had 200,000 francs, and—"

"Well, and you have not? Now I find; it's all the same to me."

"No, that is not it, exactly; I have 2,000,000!"

The husband forgave her.

PASSING AWAY.

It is written on the sunny face
Of childhood's happy day;
In its fleeting smiles and tears we trace
"Passing away!"

It is written in the flashing eye
Of youth's bright prosperous day;
In every fond (if earthly) tie,
"Passing away!"

It is written in the deep footmark
Of manhood's noble way;
On life's road, whether bright or dark,
"Passing away!"

Yet still 'tis written deeper far
On the last declining ray
Of Age's bright but setting sun,
"Passing away!"

The race now run, the woe-ringing night
Wakes to eternal day,
Where endless joy and glory bright
Shall never pass away!

HOW IT CAME TO PASS.—A lady asked a very silly Scotch nobleman how it happened that the Scotch who came out of their own country were, generally speaking, men of more ability than those who remained at home.

"Oh, madam," he said, "the reason is obvious. At every outlet there are persons stationed to examine all who pass, that for the honor of the country no one be permitted to leave it who is not a man of understanding."

"Then," said she, "I suppose your lordship was smuggled."

It was a Christmas eve, of one of those old-fashioned winters which were so bitter cold. The old lady put on an extra shawl; and as she hugged her shivering frame, she said to her faithful negro servant:

"It's a terrible cold night, Scip. I am afraid my poor neighbor, Widow Green, must be suffering. Take the wheelbarrow, Scip. Fill it full of wood. File on a good load, and tell the poor woman to keep herself warm and comfortable. But before you go, Scip, put some more wood on the fire, and make me a nice mug of flip."

These last orders were duly obeyed, and the old lady was thoroughly warmed both inside and out. And now the trusty Scipio was about to depart on his errand of mercy, when his considerate mistress interposed again.

"Stop Scip. You need not go now. The weather has moderated."

A LUDICROUS MISTAKE.—A clergyman desired his clerk to give notice that there would be no service in the afternoon, as he was going to "assist for another clergyman." The clerk, after the service was over, rose up with all due solemnity, and called out: "I am desired to give notice that there will be no service this afternoon, as Mr. T. is going a making with another clergyman."

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TERHUNE & EDWARDS, 48 Cortlandt

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ALLEN & DALAND, Union Clothing Warehouse, 20
Fourth av.

BROOKS BROTHERS, 116 and 118 Cherry
DEVLIN & JESSUP, 33 and 35 John

Dry Goods, Retailers.

FANNING SIDNEY, stamper and printer, 270 Bleecker
HEARN JAMES A., 7:5 Broadway
LORD & TAYLOR, 255 Grand and 47 Catharine

Dyers.

BRONX BLEACHING & DYING CO., 84 Beaver
JOLLY CHARLES, 678 Broadway
MCCOY JOHN, 251 Greenwich

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BRUNS THOMAS, 480 Broadway and 208 Bowers
HYATT JACOB, Maiden Lane cor. Broadway
MCLEES JAMES, 695 Broadway

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HEERT WILLIAM, 180 West

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ARNOLD D. S. & CO., 19 Cortlandt

ARTIST AND WAREHOUSE, 60 Maiden Lane

STON BLANK & CO., 10 Maiden Lane

FLUVENTHAL I. & A., 32 Maiden Lane
CARY WILLIAM H. & CO., 243 and 245 Pearl
CHURCHILL WILLIAM, Jr., 84 William cor. Maiden Lane
DUNKIN THOMAS, 30 Maiden Lane
HEN EDWARD, 25 Liberty
MORRISON DAVID, 60 John
WALLACH ABRAHAM, 36 Maiden Lane

Fireworks.

PREY W. H., 132 Chatham
JOLLEY OSCAR & CO., 180 William

Fruit, Wholesale.

ALLEN & POILLON, 58 Front

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ASIOR PLACE, W. J. Fish & Son, 733 Broadway
BATTERY, John J. Hollister, Battery place cor. Greenwich
BREVORT HOUSE, Albert Clark, Fifth av. cor. Clinton
place.
CLARENDON, Kerner & Birch, 60 Fourth av.
COZZENS, J. B. & S. T., 415 Broadway
EVERETT HOUSE, Hawley D. Clapp, E. 17th cor. Fourth av.
HOWARD, Kingsley & Ainslie, 176 Broadway
INTERNATIONAL, John Taylor, 365 and 367 Broadway
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ST. NICHOLAS, Treadwell, Acker & Co., 619 Broadway
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BRODIE GEORGE, 51 Canal and 63 Lispenard
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PARTMENT.**

21 ELIZABETH STREET,
New York, May 26, 1887.

The undersigned calls the attention of the firemen to the
following list of buildings, which have been examined and
pronounced unsafe by the Board of Fire Wardens:

Albany street, No. 20—Amos street, No. 140—Ann street,
Nos. 45, 74—Barclay street, Nos. 47, 94, 98, 100, 102, 104—
Baxter street, No. 41—Bleecker street, No. 243—Bovary,
No. 119—Beekman street, Nos. 22, 24—Broadway, Nos.
256, 274 (rear), 377, City Hotel Building, corner of Cedar
and Thames street—Catharine street, Nos. 28, 28 1/2—Cedar
street, Nos. 4, 108—Cherry street, No. 147—Courtlandt
street, No. 10—Chambers street, Nos. 84, 114—Duane
street, Nos. 6, 118, 142, 144—East Broadway, No. 76—Elm
street, Nos. 121, 123, 125—Eighth street, Nos. 327, 329—
Eleventh street, Nos. 217, 221, 223, 227, 239, 261—East
Thirteenth street, No. 215—East Fourteenth street, five
five-story brown stone dwellings, near Third avenue, east
side—East Sixteenth street, No. 177—East Eighteenth
street, Nos. 242, 244, 246—East Nineteenth street, No. 210
Fulton Market buildings—Fourth street, No. 259—Forsyth
street, No. 156—Fifth street, No. 315—Greenwich street,
Nos. 29, 36, 63, 67, 79, 101, 113, 164, 179—Howard
street, Nos. 39, 41—Horseshoe street, No. 130—Jacob street,
No. 11, 13, 15, 21, 23—Leonard street, Nos. 138, 139,
140—Lewis street, No. 225—Liberty street, Nos. 138, 142,
Market street, N. E. corner Water—Mercer street, No. 107
—Mulberry street, N. E. cor. Canal—Mott street, Nos. 216,
218, 258, 291, 293—Nassau street, Nos. 82, 84, 86—Ninth
street, Nos. 349, 351—Pearl street, Nos. 340, 346, 350, 377
—Peck Slip, Nos. 38, 40, 42—Pine street, Nos. 25, 27—Pike
street, No. 81—Roosevelt st. at No. 34—South street, Nos.
90, 116—North-west corner of South and James streets—
Spruce street, Nos. 2, 4, 15—Twelfth street, Nos. 434, 439—
Water street, Nos. 22, 142, 413—Washington street, Nos. 5,
21, 23, 33, 35, 71, 87, 89, 102, 193, 160, 162, 76—Worth
street, Nos. 51, 52, 53—Worcester street, No. 73—North-east
corner West and Albany streets—North-east corner West
and Cedar streets—West Sixteenth street, cor. Ninth av.—
West Seventeenth street, Nos. 40, 140—West Twentieth
street, No. 353—West Thirtieth street, Nos. 120, 162—West
Thirty-first street, Nos. 129, 131—West Thirty-second
street, Nos. 63, 106—West Thirty-fifth street, Nos. 127, 129,
131, 133, 135, 137—West Thirty-seventh street, Nos. 206,
208 (rear)—West Fortieth street, No. 284—Seventh avenue,
Nos. 424, 426, 428, 430—Ninth avenue, No. 519 1/2—
North-east corner First avenue and Ninth street—Avenue
A, No. 93—Avenue C, Nos. 134, 135, 136—Corner Sixteenth
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JONES YE MODERNE BARKEEPERE. HIS HISTORIE.

Part II.—Ye Spredde.

Jones greeteth ye
company.

I.
FRIENDS and comrades, thus to see you
Sitting round this festive board—
Thus to hear your kindly welcome,
As you drink to "Jones restored,"
Makes my bosom's load much lighter,
(As such signs of friendship should),
And, in short, to speak more plainly,
Makes me feel extremely good.



Jones his Personal Narrative.

He exhorteth them
to drink and
smoke.

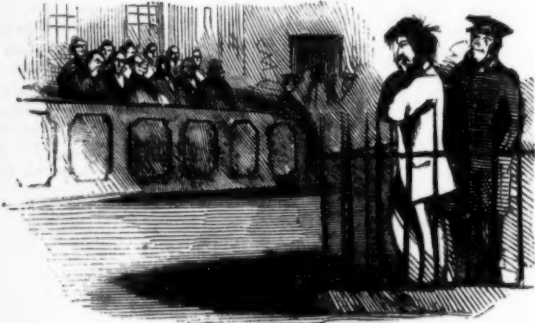
II.
If then, boys, you'll fill your glasses
(I drink brandy—brandy pale)
I'll recount, with your permission,
Why I'm here, and not in jail.
Those who smoke a strong, full flavored;
Take that box marked "Niggers" there
Gents of feebler mind had better
Pipes or cigarettes prepare.

Jones recounteth
his trial.

III.
Friends and comrades, need I tell you
That the public coves who speak
Must possess the gift of language,
And besides that, lots of cheek?
Having neither, judge my feelings
When that fatal morning came,
And I heard the court officials
Calling William Jones's name!

Jones his lawyer
suggesteth and
dodge.

IV.
Fox, my lawyer, as he passed me
Whispered softly, "things were snug!"
But enjoined a calm demeanor,
And, by all means, pious mug;
Adding that, though judge and jury
Knew precisely what to do,
Still, a Christian smirk would serve me,
And, most likely, put me through.



Jones his pious Look. He discovereth a Friend in ye
Jury Box.

ones serveth
himself therewith,
and in so doing
discovereth and
friend.

V.
On this hint I screw'd my face up,
And I'm certain no divine
Ever smiled from cushioned pulpit
With a smile more sweet than mine;
And I plied both judge and jury,
Court, reporters, all therewith,
Till I twigg'd the foreman winking,
And that foreman, boys, was Smith!

He stateth his
friend's name,
and his symptoms.

VI.
Smith, who kept those livery stables—
Smith who sold that horse which shied—
Smith who made me spill Belinda—
Smith who made those gents deride!
There he sat, with fun o'erflowing,
Yet as staid as staid could be,
Grim yet gay, sedate yet cunning—
Like a Jesuit on a spree!

He exalteth in that
he findeth other
friends than
Smith.

VII.
Close beside him, Scragg, the butcher,
Sate, but dared not look my way;
Scragg was sound, because he owed me
Ninety dollars, due that day.
There was Brown, too, Brown, the tailor,
Who, I knew, would friendly be,
For he made my pants, and therefore
Got his beer and cocktails free.

He laudeth, indi-
rectly, Columbian
advocates.

VIII.
These three men were staunch and faithful,
And, like trumps would play their part,
How they got there makes no matter,
One thing's certain—Fox is smart!
Hope, my faltering breast beguiling,
Whispered softly, "Injured man,
Keep, I beg, your top lip rigid!"
And, just then, the case began.



Smith, Scragg and Brown, ye friendly Jurymen.

Jones his indig-
nation. He
speaketh as if in
ye Senate.

IX.
Friends and comrades, you, I'm certain,
Will not wish me here to dwell.
He who played the legal hireling,
Did the tyrant's bidding well!
There he crawled, a hideous reptile—
Hideous as his hell-born cause—
Loathsome lies, with hate envenomed,
Oozing from his festering jaws!

He incites his
friends to drink
freely, there being
no reckonings.

X.
Talking's dry; suppose we liquor?
Fill your glasses—drinks are free.
And, as sings our old friend, Dibdin,
"List, ye landmen, all to me!"
Fill your glasses—don't be sparing—
Brandy, whisky, gin and rum—
While I spout the "Fox oration,"
Which, you'll all admit is "some!"

Ye court-house
its description

XI.
Through the court-house reigned deep silence
When that learned lawyer rose,
Save when, press'd by strong emotion,
Brown, the tailor, blew his nose.
Gazing first on judge and jury,
Then on me—that splendid man—
Speaking lowly, calmly, slowly,
Raised his brief, and thus began:

Ye counsel his
speech.

XII.
"There are thoughts, may't please your honor,
Which no words can e'er impart.
Heaven's best language oft is silence;
Nature's noblest voice the heart!
All who heard my learned brother
Strive to blast my client's name,
Feel, with me, a counsel's triumph
Sometimes proves a counsel's shame!"



Ye noble Advocate his
Appearance.



Ye noble Advocate weepeth.

Ye counsel gam-
moneth ye jury,
and pretendeth to
shed tears

XIII.
"Those twelve men who sit before me,
Sifting all with thoughtful brow,
Will not, as my conscience tells me,
Shrink from doing their duty now!
Those twelve men perchance are parents—
Some with sons advanced in years—
Such, I trust, will not condemn me,
Nor despise a parent's tears!"

He recovereth
himself and
stateth his case

XIV.
"Last July, it seems that Swizzle
Found his bar's nefarious trade
So increased, that help was needed,
And at once his plans were laid.
Serpent-like the miscreant glided,
And ere long, a pliant tool
Fell beneath his baneful vision,
In a cheap yet pious school."

He pauseth to
moralise, but
afterward contin-
ueth.

XV.
"Youthful minds, if pure, are moulded
Even as clay on potter's wheel—
Soon they lose their ancient nature—
Soon repay their master's zeal.
And this poor, this friendless orphan,
Though at first by force compelled,
Soon surpassed the fiend who taught him,
And in poisonous drinks excelled."



Ye Serpent Swizzle chooseth a Youthe from a pious School.

Ye counsel, with
cunning, putteth
a spoke into
Jones his wheels.

XVI.
"Flushed with fortune, honored, courted,
Did this youth his post desert?
Did he make inferior cocktails?
Were his cobbler's less expert?
Did, or did he not, for sixpence,
Sell the vilest, worst cigars?
And, in short, work all those dogges
Which distinguish first-rate bars?"

He denounceth ye
plaintiffs, and
chargeth him with
high crimes and
misemeanours

XVII.
"How those dogges filled his coffers,
Let the scoundrel Swizzle tell!
He may skulk behind his lawyer,
But I mark the miscreant well!
And this court—this judge and jury—
Join me in my full belief,
That if any cash was stolen,
Swizzle was, himself, the thief!"

He attacketh ye
plaintiffs his coun-
sel, and doubteth
him uppe.

XVIII.
"Let me also tell his counsel,
Threats are wholly lost on me
Doubled fists and oaths disgusting
May perchance increase his fee;
But a free, enlightened jury,
Can at once discern between
Truth, however plainly spoken,
And a dotard's jests obscene!"

Having smote that
counsel on ye
hinder parties, he
seeketh to put
Swizzle also to
perpetual shayms.

He waxeth elo-
quent, and
commenceeth Bun-
combe.



Swizzle he mouldeth ye pliant Youthe.

Knowing ye feeble-
ness of his hearers,
he aburreth
Europe.

XIX.
"Let me also tell this Swizzle
That, in striving thus to blast
Orphan hopes and orphan fortunes,
He will scathe his own at last!
Let me tell him that in seeking
Thus to blight my client's name,
He has fouled his own for ever
With the vilest filth of shame!"

XX.
"Blest the man who loves his country!
Blest the country thus beloved!
Tyrant kings may frown and bluster,
But the Patriot stands unmoved!
Crowns of gold to him are nothing—
Nought but earth the costliest gems—
Honor, Justice, Truth and Freedom
Being the kingliest diadems!"

Ye counsel playeth
his best cards in
reviling ye
British.

XXI.
"And in standing thus before you,
I rejoice, as well I may,
That our great and glorious country
Groans beneath no despot's sway!
Europe's starving millions tremble
'Neath their bloodstained tyrants' will;
From our height we scoff and jeer them,
And that height is Bunker's Hill!"

XXII.
"Blenched with dread, the British Lion
Squirms and licks the dust, because
He's aware OUR EAGLE sees him,
And he dreads that Eagle's claws!
On the once proud Royal Standard
Wipes he now his snivelling nose,
Weeping o'er his country's downfall
And his life's disgraceful close!"

Having well be-
fogged ye judge,
he seateth himself.

XXIII.
"With these proofs I leave my client
In your hands, and firmly trust
That your verdict will be generous—
That your verdict will be just!
Bloated rogues and carrion lawyers
May for years unpunished go;
Fate at last will sternly crush them,
As this day's result will show!"



Ye American Eagle danceeth
a War Dance. Ye British
Lion biteh ye Dust.



Ye British Lion wipeth his
naughty Nose.

Jones recounteth
ye effect of Fox his
speech.

XXIV.
He ceased. A loud applauding murmur
(Which at once the court suppressed)
Told me that, if Smith kept faithful,
Boss would come off second best.
Then the judge, intensely poring
O'er his notes, described the muss,
Dwelt on details, made his comments,
And wound up profoundly thus:

Ye judge sum-
meth up sagely,
as is ye manner of
judges ever.

XXV.
"If you find, calm reflection,
Plaintiff's charges well sustained,
Then your way lies clear before you—
Jones, of course, must be detained.
If, however, those same statements—
On the which I've just enlarged—
Don't sustain the plaintiff's action,
Jones, of course, must be discharged."

Jones telleth ye
sequel, and moral-
iseth. But in so
doing, his voice
and legs fail him,
and he falleth. Ye
public may or
may not hear
more hereafter of
Jones his doings.

XXVI.
How Smith rose and roared, "Not guilty!"
How he said that every one
Hoped I'd bring a suit for slander—
How that suit has been begun.
Are not all these things recorded?
Live they not in history's page—
Making dastard tyrants tremble—
Making kingly idiots sage?*

E.

* We have received an anonymous and inimical communication from an individual who signs himself "An Eye-witness," stating that, at this stage of the proceedings, Jones fell off his chair. Efforts were made to induce him to continue his narrative, but they were not attended with success, and he was accordingly put to bed by such select and kindred friends as had sufficient strength to undertake that painful but nevertheless important duty.



Jones his Condition at ye Close of his Narrative.